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NUMBER 2

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VOL. 21 NO. 2

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ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8-3SZ.) Read on . . . !

ROUND THE HORN

I realize that some of my readers (oh, all right, three out of the seven of you) like to fondly imagine me sitting here in my dotage with a naked girl perched in my lap typing out the copy as I dictate it. Alas, this is far from the truth. W.F. Guttersnipe's lot is not an easy one. I have to rely on the photographs you see on this page to work out what is going on in the so-called mind of the blurb writer.

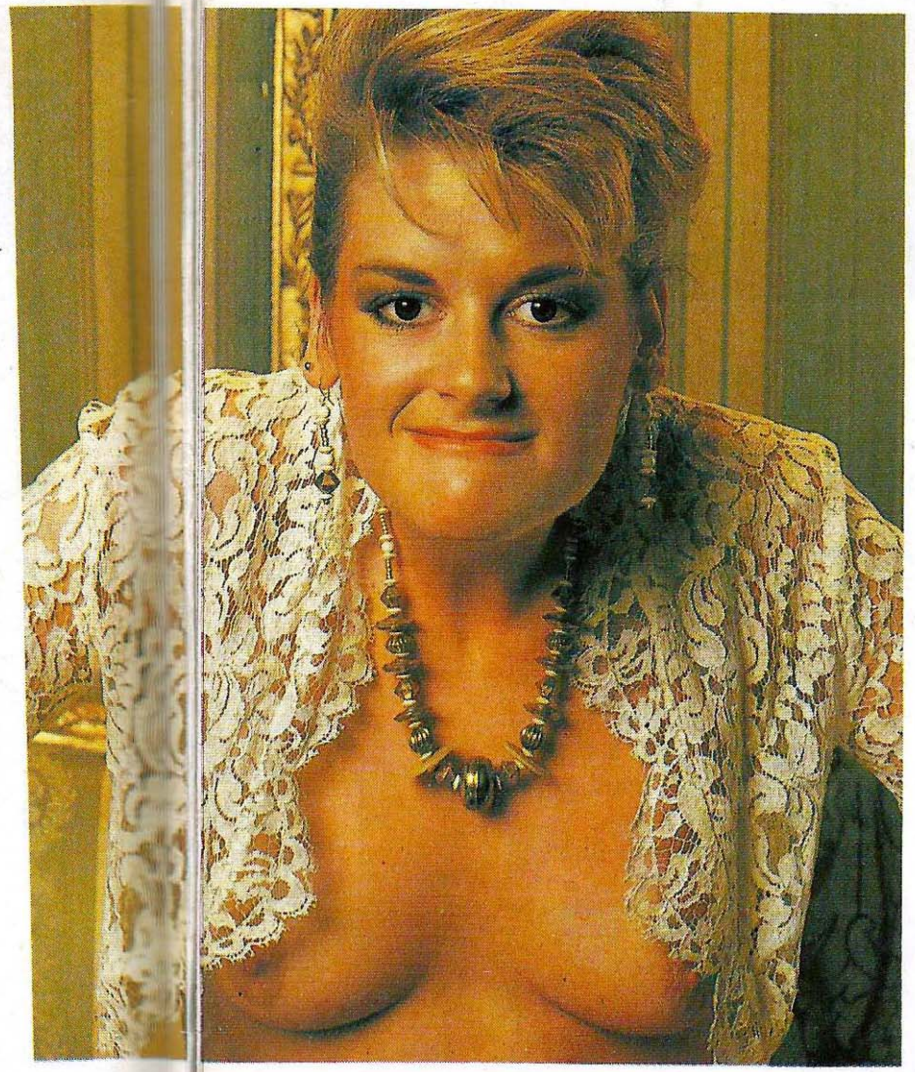
Take the case of Louise, for example. In my photograph she is a wavy-haired blonde wearing a red cardie and smiling at both ends. Perhaps, upon turning to the full photographic set of her, it will be entirely clear to you, but from the evidence before me I am at a complete loss as to why she puts the blurbist in mind of the old HMV logo, which featured a cute dog called Rags (or was it Pickles?) staring into a gramophone horn.

Certainly, the blurbist is in any case disturbed. "What wouldn't you give to see her with (her) bikini on?" he asks. The horn, presumably...

BEACH BUM

Every winter they start to do this. They claim that it is to bring a little warmth into your homes while bitter winds lash the exterior walls and the Editor's personal assistant lashes him at time-and-a-half plus danger money.

Baring her all on distant strands this month is Bibi. I know not where this particluar beach lies, except that it is certainly not within acceptable cab fare radius of London SW12, or I should be there myself. Neither can I tell what she is standing astride. It may be a 1000:1 scale model of El Gutto the gross Editor's willy, or a native carving of the mythical Giant Tampon of Tampa Bay, or it may even be a log. What I really want to know is when will it be my turn to go off on one of these jaunts? *(It will be preceded by the mythical sign of pigs flying – Ed).*



VENUS RISING

Pouting in both particulars against a mottled turquoise example of the set-builder's artifice is Fiona, against meeting whom the Assistant Editor's horoscope apparently warned him. And quite right too. He should leave *me* to handle astrologically dangerous tall, dark, large-breasted strangers such as Fiona.

Since you ask, the Assistant Editor falls under the sign of Locusta the Lobster (April 30-31), and his prognosis for this month reads: "Help out a rotund, ageing Gemini friend by telling a rude lady what a fine bloke he is, thus fixing him up with a spell of much-needed sexual exhaustion."

I hope El Blotto takes this fine advice to heart. You have no idea how much it costs to bribe astrologers these days.

OFFICIAL SECRETS AXED!

Daisy, I hardly need to explain, is the blonde wearing a remodelled lace curtain and an expression which reads: "One more split infinitive from your Assistant Editor and I'll demonstrate a graphic definition of the phrase 'cauliflower ear'".

Hence the hastily revealed, not to mention cowardly determination to offer a perceptibly more literate caption to her photos than was the case in her last appearance.

Amazingly, this might be the case. The spelling is correct and there's even something vaguely resembling syntax.

Investigations reveal that following the departure of the Welsh Assistant Editor, his predecessor is back for a short stint, fresh from a job with the Government Department of Misinformation. Hence the apparent (but misleading) improvement in written English. The Hippy's Whitehall training has clearly stuck – this month the blurbs appear to make total sense... at least until you try to work out exactly what the fuck they are supposed to mean.

NEVER ON A SUNDAY

The dark-haired lovely, scarcely clothed in scarlet undies and stockings is Audrey.

Two revelations about this girl, it says here, are that she achieves "multiple orgasms in an average of six out of seven sexual encounters" and that she rates an individual listing in the Editor's personal organiser. A mere coincidence? Not on your life. Assume that she goes round to visit El Gutto the Editor every Sunday and suddenly that "six out of seven" statistic makes an awful lot of sense.

Girl CHAT

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

This month's Amateur Model, she in the all-white lingerie, is Margaret Kennedy, who is said to live by the Forest Of Bowland. According to the sycophant who wrote up Margaret's profile, this area is "as romantically wild and ruggedly beautiful as the Editor of this magazine", which probably means it's a nuclear waste dump, an army firing range or a NASA mock-up of the surface of the moon.

VIDEO COMPETITION

No Caught Short press clippings this month, because El Barfo the video columnist has once again awoken from his habitual slumbers for just long enough to arrange another fabulous Knave competition. This time there are no less than 25 spiffing prizes on offer in conjunction with CBS/Fox's release on sell-through of *Nine½ Weeks* — yes 25 readers can win a bumper bundle of the video, the book and the soundtrack album by answering three questions easy enough even for our resident reviewer to get at least a couple of them right.

For those not in the know *Nine½ Weeks* stars Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger as a Wall Street big wheel and an art gallery employee who fall head over heels in lust and spend nine and a half weeks humping like dromedaries in a wide variety of inventive and mind-boggling circumstances.

The plot, to be honest, is about as hollow as an election candidate's promises, but there are half a dozen erotic set pieces that you'll want to play again and again and which are alone well worth the under-a-tenner asking price this cassette now commands. But to win yourself a copy for nowt but the price of a stamp, answer the following:

1. In which 1985 movie did Mickey Rourke star as a tough cop cleaning up Chinatown?
2. Sean Connery returned to play James Bond opposite Kim Basinger in which film?
3. Which new CBS/Fox sell-through release features a character called Matrix?

1. ....

2. ....

3. ....

Name ....

Address ....

Send entries to: Nine ½ weeks Competition, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.
Closing date: Friday 31st March, 1989. The editor's indecision is final.

FREUDIAN FOLLIES

A rare moment of lucidity seems to have lumbered through the neanderthal bolognese that passes for the blurbist's brain. Lucidity? I hear you all cry. Well almost...

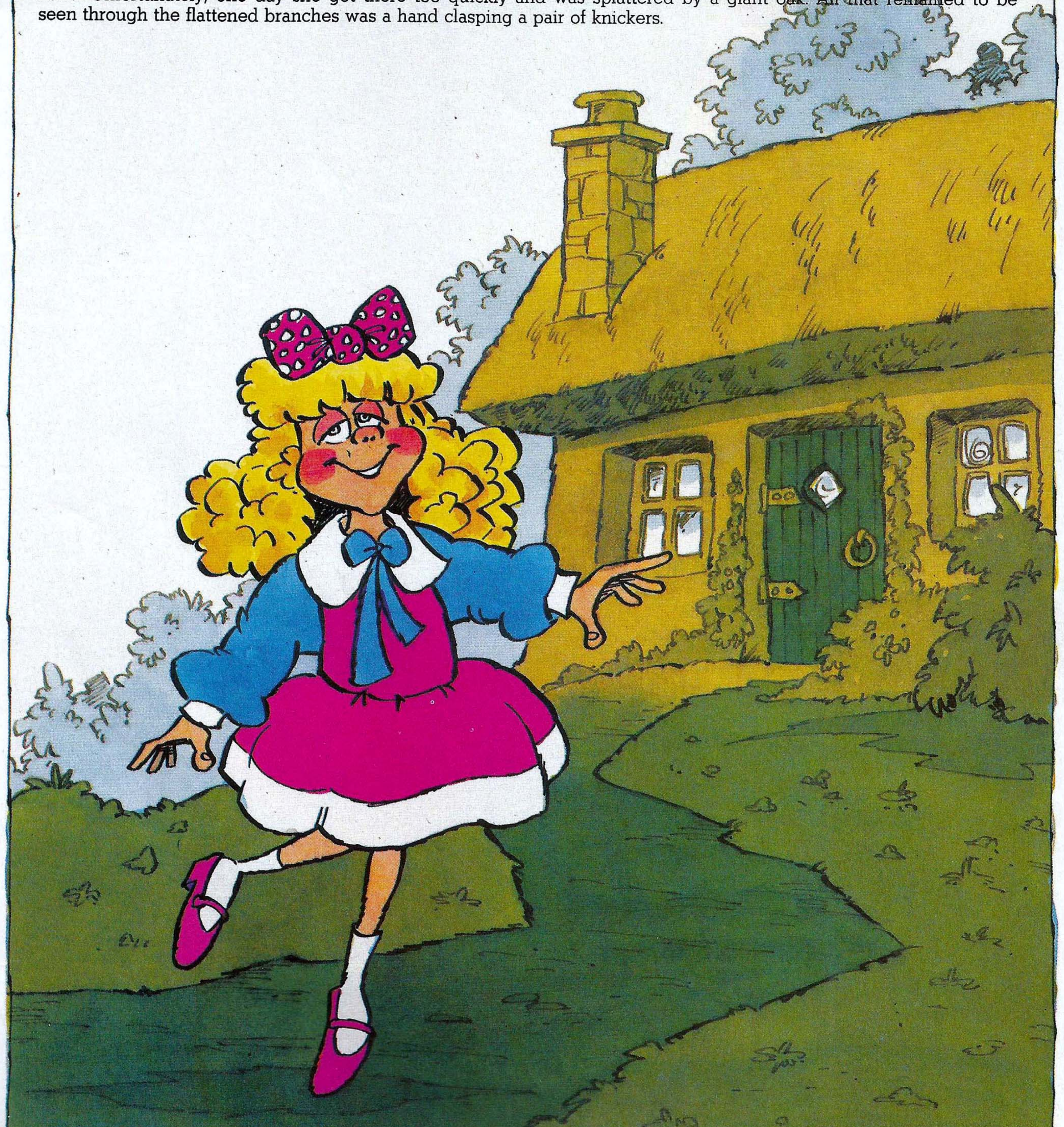
There's the give away Freudian slip of a reference to piss-artists, which needs no further embellishment. There's also the similarly Freudian absolute give-away about wrestling with pink snakes, which demonstrates that the little blurb-wanker realizes, deep down, just what a prick he really is and how much he'd like to let a real person take over his sex-life and give his right hand a rest. Quod erat demonstrandum.

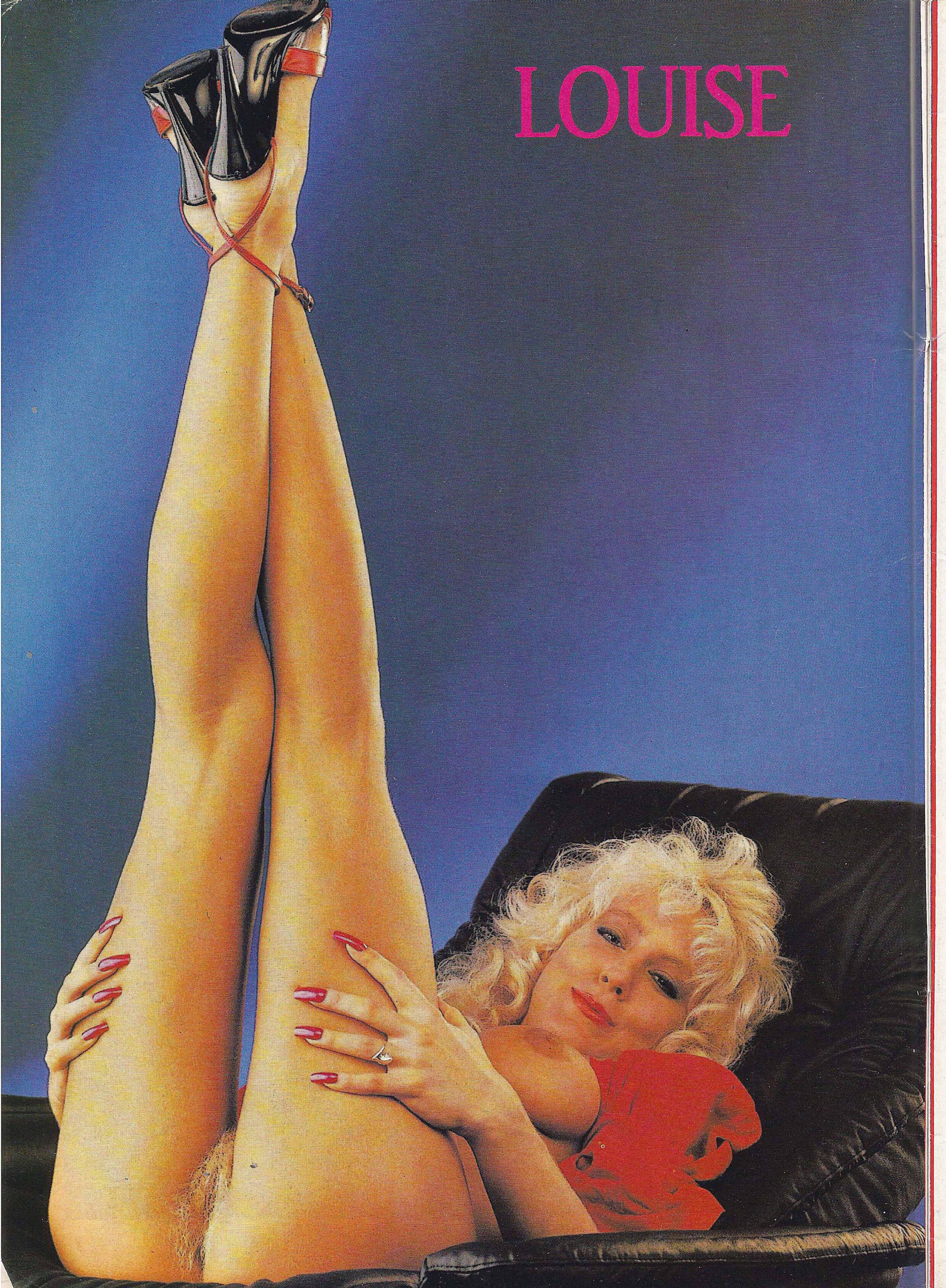
KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

GOLDILOCKS (circa 17th CENTURY)

It's amazing how folkore has painted this little vixen as a goody-goody, and it's about time the record was put straight. Goldilocks was a peeping-Tom (or Thomasina) who spent her entire life peering through cottage windows. She was no stranger to breaking and entering. In short, she was a thief, quite happy to help herself to anything left lying around. These facts are pretty well documented, but there is other, more disturbing evidence which has come to light. Why did she spend so much time in the forest? Quite simply, she was a woodcutter's groupie, totally obsessed by the bulging biceps of these tree-felling hunks. A cry of "Timber!" would have her rushing through the forest, knickers in hand. Unfortunately, one day she got there too quickly and was splattered by a giant oak. All that remained to be seen through the flattened branches was a hand clasping a pair of knickers.



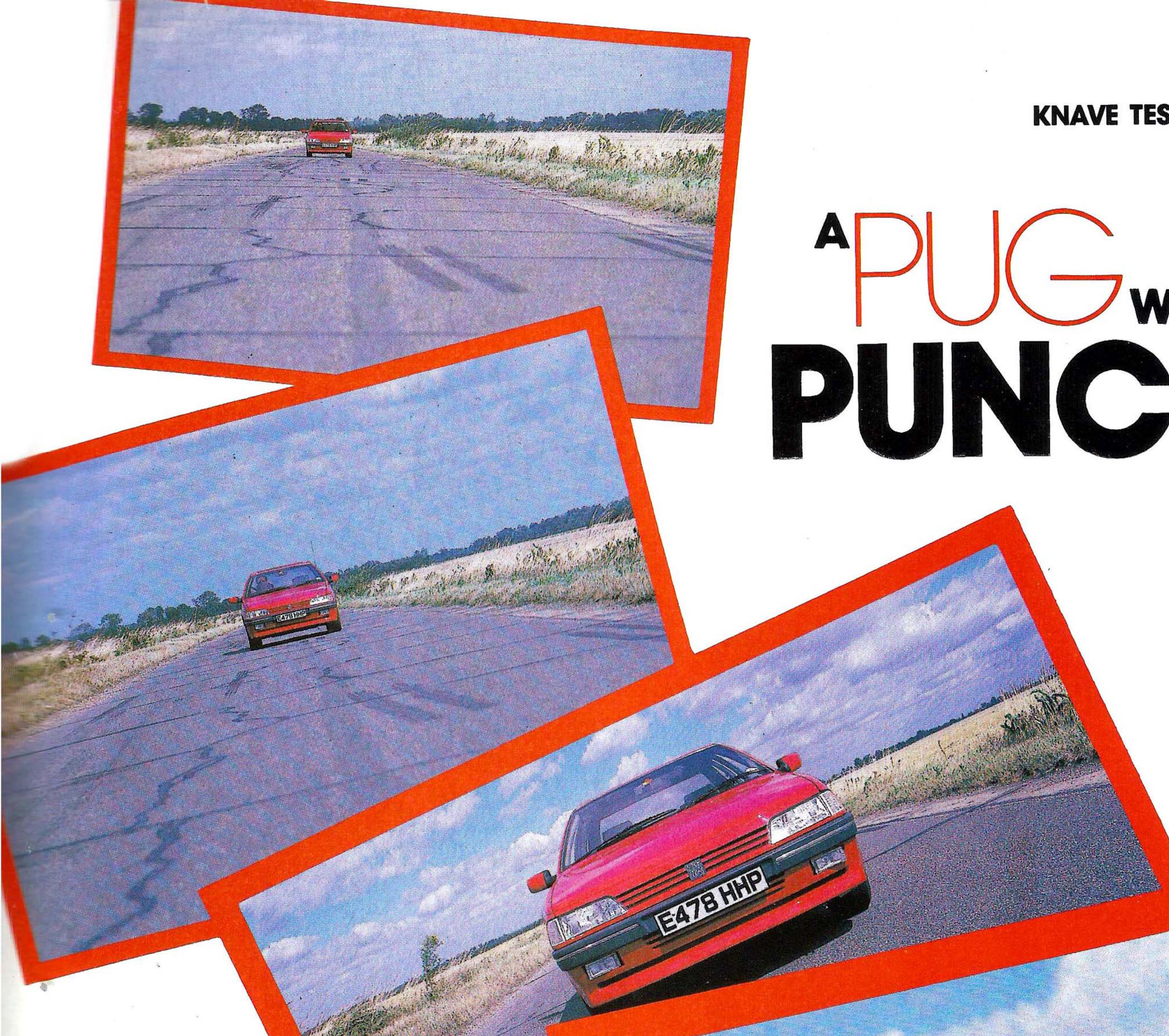


LOUISE

Ah, sweet reminiscences of youth. The old *His Master's Voice* logo on the gramophone records never looked as good as this. But then again Louise is no dog, that's for sure. I mean, wow, just look at that white patch where her bikini's been! What wouldn't you give to see her with the bikini on? I know what I'd give... Oh my god, I seem to be dribbling. It must be nearly spring, the old hormones are beginning to work again. Excuse me a moment, I've just got to leave the word processor for a short while...

Photographed by
Garth Ricard

A PUG WITH PUNCH...



It's red. It's got a go-fast pedal. It's sexy. And (remember the TV ads?) it's capable of speeding you through a burning sugar cane plantation faster than your average souped-up family car can gobble up your cash reserves. But does it run on lead-free petrol? Is it ecologically sound? ROBERT DUDLEY picks on a Peugeot – the 405 Mi16 ...

Picture the scene. It's a beautiful summer's day. *(You'll need a particularly vivid imagination for this one — Ed).* You've quit the hustle and bustle of the city for the peace of the countryside and sit refreshed and relaxed in a golden field edged with sugar cane. Not a murmur breaks the stillness of the sunny mid-afternoon. All at once, a guy in an asbestos suit appears from behind the hedgerow and starts spraying all and sundry with kerosene. You protest loudly at this invasion of your privacy, but with little effect. The spraying continues. Soon flora and fauna alike are dripping with the wretched stuff. As the insults fly and the smell of combustible substances gets too whiffy for comfort, a shabbily dressed bloke sporting two days' designer stubble and an aggressive-looking cigar steps out from behind a tree and informs you that the crew are filming the latest TV commercial for Peugeot cars. "Big deal," you say. "Have kids and travel." The exchanges get still more caustic, but just as you are about to exact retribution for the shattering of your calm via the subtle interaction of the cameraman's head and the wheel-brace from your car boot, a brawny looking hunk puts a torch to the foliage and WHOOSH! the whole lot goes up like something out of Red Adair's scrapbook. You can only watch in amazement — then run like an Olympic middle distance athlete on a steroid sandwich as the ensuing conflagration threatens to turn you into a not-so-subtle homo sap variation on barbecued spare ribs.

It takes your flippin' breath away, doesn't it. And that's only the two mile run to escape the flames. The car is a bit of a lung-buster, too.

The 405 PDQ Mi16 sees its resurgent French manufacturer back on familiar territory, antagonising advertising standards watchdogs and delighting car buffs in equal measure with an exhilarating double act of spontaneously combusting greenery and class-leading four-door saloons. If you caught the original telly ads for the cooking 405s you'll know exactly what we're talking about. This time around, however, there is a subtle difference. Far from being just another tarted up saloon with a egg-box bodykit, Mi16 is an attempt by Peugeot to repeat the profit-enhancing coup of producing hot-shot, mega-mile-per-hour variations on unassuming family runa-

405 Mi16
E478 HHP

Continued from previous page

bouts. It is a trick the company has already pulled off so successfully with its peerless 205 and 309 GTis.

And boy — has it hit the jackpot this time around! Here is a machine which looks like it hails from that the endless stream of rep specials which clog up the overtaking lane of the M1 but which delivers the kind of performance that would not be that much out of place coming from a car marked 'Lotus' or 'Porsche'.

The Mi16 (injected 16-valve) is just one of a growing breed of four-door family speedsters which make 130mph+ performance available at 'pocket money' prices. There are swarms of the things: cars which look like pretty dumb puddings but which can get you from A to B faster than you can say Jacques Robinson. Sworn rival Renault, for example, State-owned scourge of the PSA (Peugeot-Citroen) combine, wasted no time in bringing out its own sporting three-box, the turbocharged Renault 21, just months after the launch of its staple saloon. Pretty damned fast it is too, faster, even, than our Pug (if you can believe such a thing). And just to prove that it is not only the Frogs who know a thing or two about practical performance machinery, even as we write Vauxhall (or rather General Motors) are believed to have screamingly fast variants of the new Cavalier waiting in the wings.

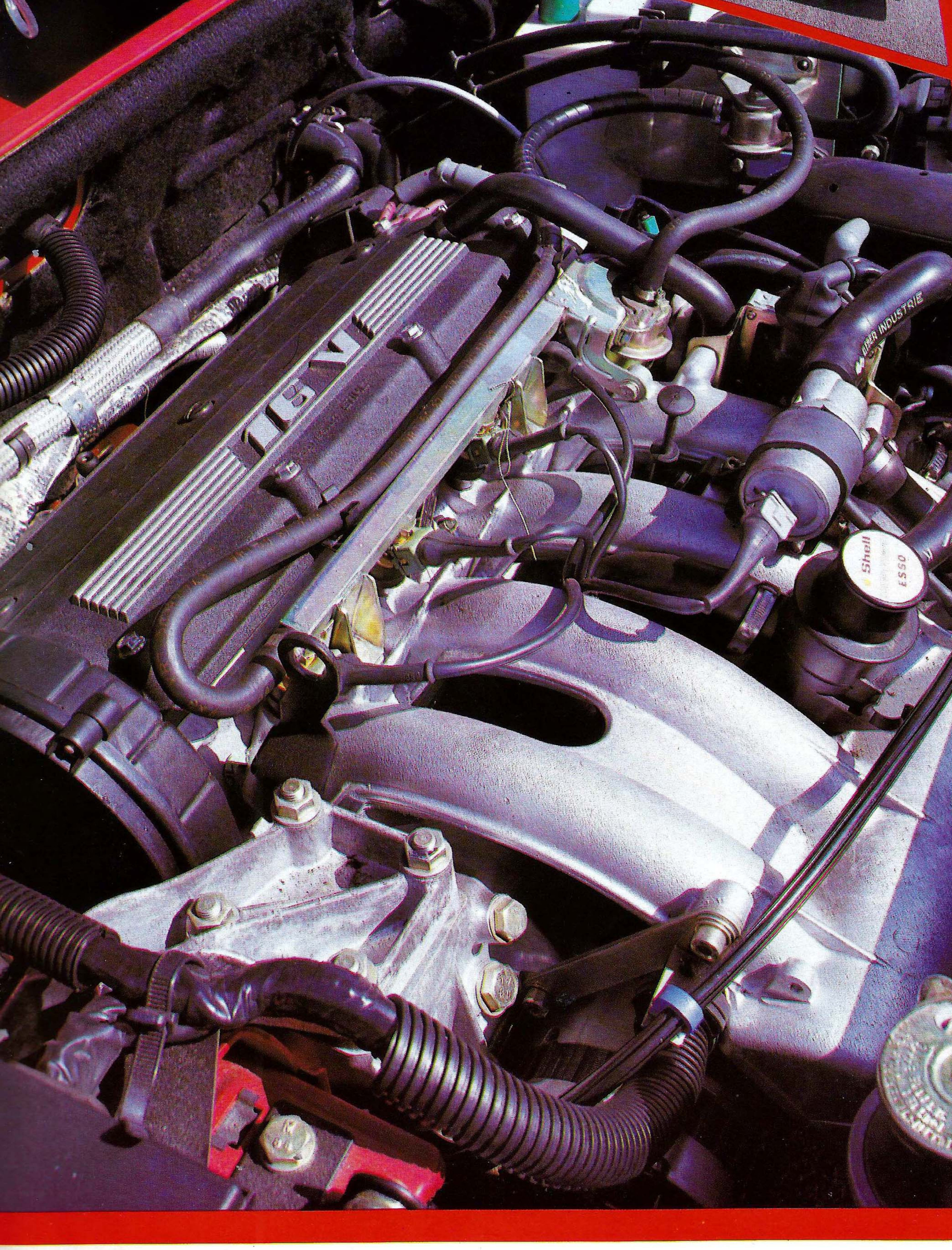
Best of all, albeit in a league just a little above our racy Mi16, there's the definitive 'supercar on a shoestring', the Ford Sierra Cosworth. Henry's 150mph+ machine is priced cleverly so as to appeal to those wishing to trade up from a geriatric XR jam-jar but goes like something out of a video illustrating the principles of rocket propulsion. Well wicked. None of the cars mentioned above will set you back more than the 'watershed' figure of £20,000 but each can more-or-less hold its own with a whole battery of automotive exotica, certainly up to the speeds which are now practicable on Britain's increasingly congested highways and byways.

The new car — for it is still fairly fresh in the UK despite having been available on the Continent for over a year — is important to its manufacturer for a number of reasons. Not only is it the Peugeot's first real entry in what has become an increasingly significant market sector — the Sierra/Cavalier- sized 'C' segment — but it also forms the basis of a new generation PSA rally car, thereby generating important publicity for the company in what is its centenary year.

All the more surprising, then, that the Mi16 looks so innocuous when parked on the driveway or outside your favourite Thai eatery in downtown Kingston. Externally, the car's designers at the Italian Pininfarina style house have resisted the temptation to indulge in a psycho-out fire-breathing auto personality trip à la Sierra Cosworth. Main pointers to this being something other than a lowlife's 405 is the tastefully executed package of auto addenda, colour-coded, of course and remarkably well executed. The front air dam is deeper than on other models and there are side skirts to improve stability during fierce cross-winds. At the rear of the beast, the car boasts what Peugeot call 'an aerofoil section wing' a low-key bootlid spoiler which acts to reduce rear end lift. And that's about it. There are barely perceptible '16V' stickers on the hindquarter panels and boot lid — in the understated manner of the BMW M-cars — but unlike some of its less considerate rivals, the machine doesn't have 'endorse my licence' sprayed along its flanks. Completing the picture and the car's only real concession to high-speed wish fulfilment, are an attractive set of 'Star of David' alloys — as near as dammit dead ringers for those found on the Ferrari 328 GTS which graced the pages of this frolicsome volume toward the back end of last year.

The sobriety and good taste of the flying Frenchman's exterior are ref-

PEUGEOT
405 Mi16
E478 HHP



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lected in the way in which the car does the doings on the tarmac. The accent here is on manageable performance, i.e. the sort of get up and go which doesn't require that you put in six weeks at the Audi Rally School just so you can drive to the shops. Power derives from a Bosch Motronic-managed all-alloy engine of 1.9 litres.

Particularly impressive, also, is the way in which the gear ratios have been selected to mask the power unit's relative lack of low end torque. It seems like an obvious point but it is amazing how many car manufacturers screw up on this one. There is no doubt that you have to work the mechanicals — it's a common trait among multi-valve engines — but there is never any mistaking the car's refinement or its appetite for revs. Just throttle hard, change up and go for it. Driven in such a manner, there's a delightful fluidity to the car's progress. Just keep pouring on the power and the refined machine will do everything you want it to except physically take off. The benchmark 100mph comes up in well under thirty seconds and even then the Mi16 continues to benefit from its close ratio rowing action. It's the stuff of which anti-turbo prejudice is made of. Once wound up, this Pug has more grunt than a bacon sandwich.

The same care has gone into the engineering of the Peugeot undercarriage. There is nothing particularly innovative or sophisticated about the bits which make up the Pug's underpinning - it's the usual melange of trailing arms, torsion bars and MacStruts plus anti-roll bars front and rear — but special attention to the angles adopted by the various chassis and steering components has resulted in what must be, quite simply, the best ride and handling compromise in its class. Barrel the multi-valve wonder into a sharp right-hander and there is never any suggestion that the Mi16 is going to veer wide and splash its driver all over a tree. Ultimate grip is, simply, way way beyond the requirements of serious everyday motoring. That is a tribute to both the inherent balance of its supremely well-engineered chassis and the commendable elasticity of the French roundblacks. At the same time some ultra-compliant springwork contrives to produce a ride which is as adept at coping with low speed road ripple as it is with flat-out bituminous undulation.

The car's cockpit reinforces this comfort message. Creature features? There are plenty. PSA may be past masters on building cars to a price, but with French rival Renault offering such a high level of equipment on its equivalent thunderbus, there was no way Peugeot could get away with a stripped-out spec. Consequently, our Pug includes all the usual lazy bits (electric windows, mirrors, locking) plus a useful six-speaker audio package (Philips with security code and electric aerial). The only options are a cowhide cockpit, atmospheric adjustment and various devices designed to convince Nick Thievewell plc that the car isn't worth bothering with. The sound system is pretty good for the class, though the FM reception on our test car was rubbish. The only other negative vibes stem from the electric sunroof — great in itself but installed in so low-slung a manner that it shaves about two inches off the machine's already not very brilliant headroom. Quel dommage. Quel dopey. Quel bloomin' dwarfo.

The rest of the interior is typical Peugeot. Hint: we're not talking QE2 on wheels here. The cheap looking grey plastic used for the instrument binnacle would give a Japmobile 1.3 GL 'Executive' a bad name but some workmanlike fabric goes a long way towards salvaging respect from fellow travellers.

Otherwise, pilot and passengers are well catered for by a roomy interior, good driving position with pleasantly 'squidgy' steering wheel and comfortable seats. Luggage space, too, is well up with the class standard, but somewhat surprisingly you won't find modern conceits like a low loading sill or a split folding rear seat: Peugeot engineers were more interested in rigidity and structural safety than in providing accommodation for a grandfather clock or a seriously heavy suitcase.

A genuine piece of performance hardware, then, and one that is eminently practical. But why take my word for it? After all, I own one of the things. What you really want is not the airy fairy prose of some overweight, over-enthusiastic, overpaid 'scribbler' but the genuine views of the man in the street.

So without further ado, let's introduce our panel of guest testers. Reg, 56, is an unemployed farm labourer who lost his licence some six months ago after a drunken altercation with the local forces of law and order. He's an avid car fan. He used to drive an P-registration Morris Marina estate ... until he wrapped it round a tree one night on the way home from the Duck and Pullet.

Reg knows his motors. He particularly liked the 405's combination of four-door practicality, performance, smart interior and fuel efficiency: "Ain't a bad motor this one. Reminds me 'a me old Morris — except that it ain't an estate an' it goes better an' it ain't rough t' sit in an' it ain't sa firsty on the old gas like." Most of his other comments were incomprehensible. He did, however, instigate a lively debate on the virtues of the car's multi-valve engine layout by drawing an analogy between the effortless urge of the 16-valve power unit and an implement used for shifting animal waste product.

For Tracey, the third member of our test team and a 20 year old sales assistant from Vange in Essex, the most significant thing about the new car was its aesthetically pleasing exterior. "My boyfriend's got a Mark One Escort. It looks well flash, wot wiv its side stripes an' turbo badges an' all the bizzniss but it ain't nuffin compared to this Pew-joe. Looks well smart, if you want my opinion. Dun even look like a French car. Not like a 2CV an' all that saught a fin."

So there you have it. Straight from the horses' several mouths. The Peugeot 405 Mi16 is one exceptional motor car. At just £14,995, it represents the ideal mode of transport for the enthusiast who needs to drip feed adrenalin from an engine management system yet who doesn't want to spend the most part of his waking hours banged up on the hard shoulder surrounded by a super-diligent posse of G-Men.

As an added attraction to patriotic buyers (if indeed such an animal still exists), the Mi16 is being assembled at the company's Ryton-on-Dunsmore plant near Coventry, alongside the lesser 405s. This is the same plant that used to turn out defiantly MOR machinery like Solaras and Horizons. The factory has certainly come a long way since the late 70s when PSA purchased the rotting remnents of the old Rootes Group from Lee Iacoccd's Chrysler for — so legend has it — a dollar.

Photographed by Andy Morgan

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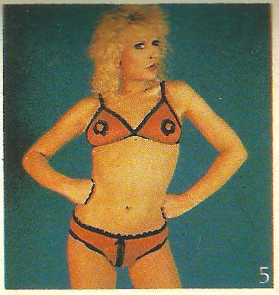
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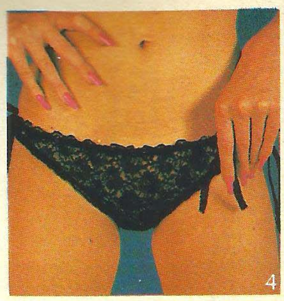
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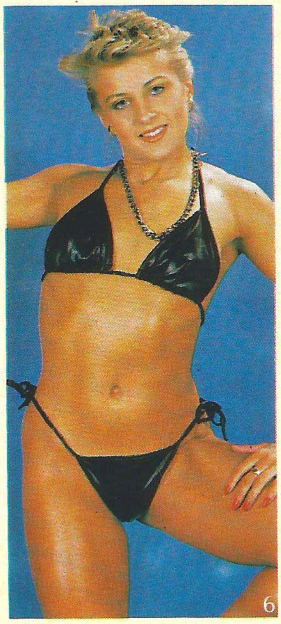
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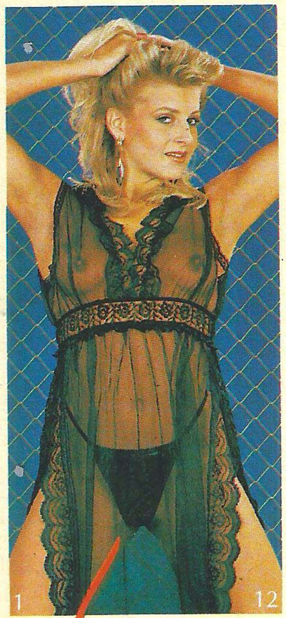
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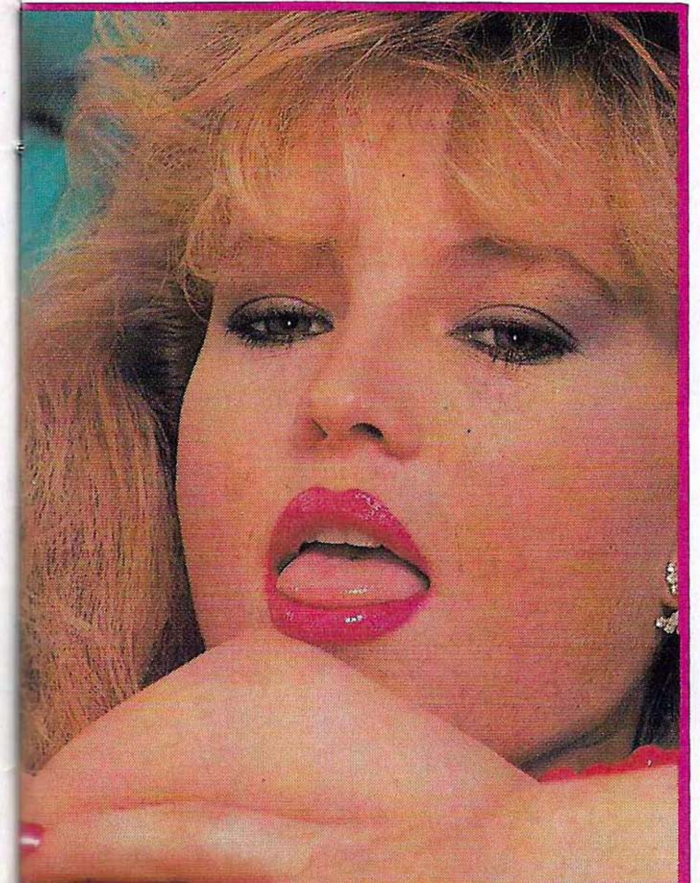
VALERY

According to our ever-reliable sources, Valery has a sister called Rose. This is (a) interesting, but (b) irrelevant seeing as this alleged "Rose" merits no further mention in this example of the blurb artist's deathless prose. Valery has gained an XXXX rating in the editor's Good Model Guide on account of an unspecified expertise in matters fellatial (rhymes with spatial, all you aficionados of IQ testing) – which is very nice. *But,* she's also gained a degree of notoriety on account of her rather wild habit of anaconda wrestling. The boots, apparently, are made of 100 per cent, genuine pink anaconda skin. Letters of protest to the usual address, please...



Photographed by Bruce Kennedy

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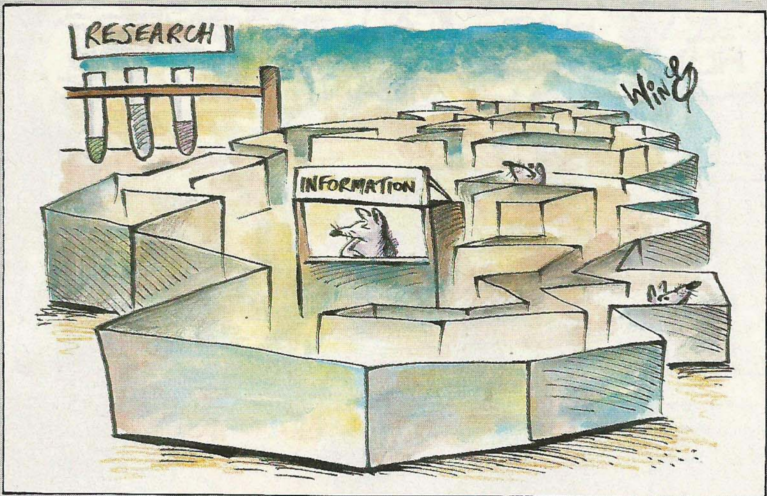

other and whispered, "fuck the dinner." We would fuck each other. We grabbed our coats and hurried out the door. On our way to the car Rob told me he booked us into a hotel, but first he had to pick up some papers from his warehouse.

Our first and last stop was Rob's warehouse. It looked and smelt like a barn; upon entering, all my senses came alive. Blinking, in the dim light, I tried to adjust my eyes to the surroundings. My nostrils filled with a variety of smells: mold, dust, mildew, hay, rock salt, and horse manure. Meanwhile, my gaping mouth filled with dust. I was dehydrated from too much wine, and now my mouth tasted like a dustbowl.

As dusk approached the wind picked up and whirled around the warehouse. Big, black, ominous clouds hovered above it. My hands groped wildly, in the dark, for Rob's comforting body, and instead came to rest on a cobweb. Just then I heard a clatter on the roof, terrified, I ran blindly into Rob's reassuring arms. He told me it was only the pigeons on the roof. Pigeons, yuk! It reminded me of that Alfred Hitcock movie *The Birds.* I pictured hundreds of pairs of eyes peering through the rooftop, pecking at the shingles, so they could reduce us to mere skeletons in a matter of seconds!

Rob reached into his coat and retrieved a bottle of Club Cooler. I eagerly and gratefully drank a quarter of the bottle. Ten minutes later its effect hit me, and I felt more at ease. Rob sat me in an ancient, overstuffed chair while he disappeared into the depths of the warehouse. After a while he emerged with a sinful grin on his face. He reached for my hand, and led me through the warehouse maze and into the loft.

The floor of the loft was coated with an inch of dust, and several bales of hay were strewn about. Bags of manure were stacked up to the ceiling, and pails of rock salt covered most of the loft's floor. However, tucked away in the corner was a majestic, massive, antique, four poster, brass bed.

> **"Nonchantly, I saunter towards Rob and lift up my dress so he can get a glimpse of the succulent, pungent pussy juice which trickles down my leg."**

My face burst into a cheerful smile, I shed my clothes, took a flying leap, and flung myself onto the bed. Rob followed, in hot pursuit, leaving behind a trail of clothes. Rob's cock looked like an enormous tulip waving in the wind. *(Tulip?! — Ed.)* Much to my delight, he was uncircumcised, and I threatened to sew up his foreskin. Rob pouted, did a wild Indian yell, and tried to grab me. I lept off the bed and ran around and around it with Rob and his hard-on chasing me.

Rob lay down. He looked so vulnerable as he lay panting and spread-eagled. I inched my way up his body and hovered over his cock. Just as he was beginning to get desperate my mouth descended on his pounding prick. His smile turned sour as I slowly withdrew my man-eating mouth from his rigid rod.

Then I thought I heard the downstairs door open. Holy shit! I became hysterical because I thought it was his wife. God, she would have me hung, keel-hauled, shot, horsewhipped, tortured, stabbed, and poisoned! In no time flat Rob and I threw our clothes on, and flew down the stairs. The door was open all right, but it was only the wind. And, in any case, I learned later, he was divorced.

Since then, we have celebrated our tenth anniversary.

Not only is it ironic, but it's a miracle we're still together. Ten years isn't a very long time for a relationship to last, except it's also the tenth anniversary of our torrid love affair, which began in a warehouse. To be exact, the first time we made love was in the warehouse's brass bed.

Sometimes, Rob and I still make love in that old bed; however, the warehouse is getting fairly rundown. In fact it's due to be torn down. Before the warehouse meets its maker, Rob and I decided, for old time's sake, to have our anniversary party in it.

My head swells with memories, and my eyes swell with tears as I fondly reminisce

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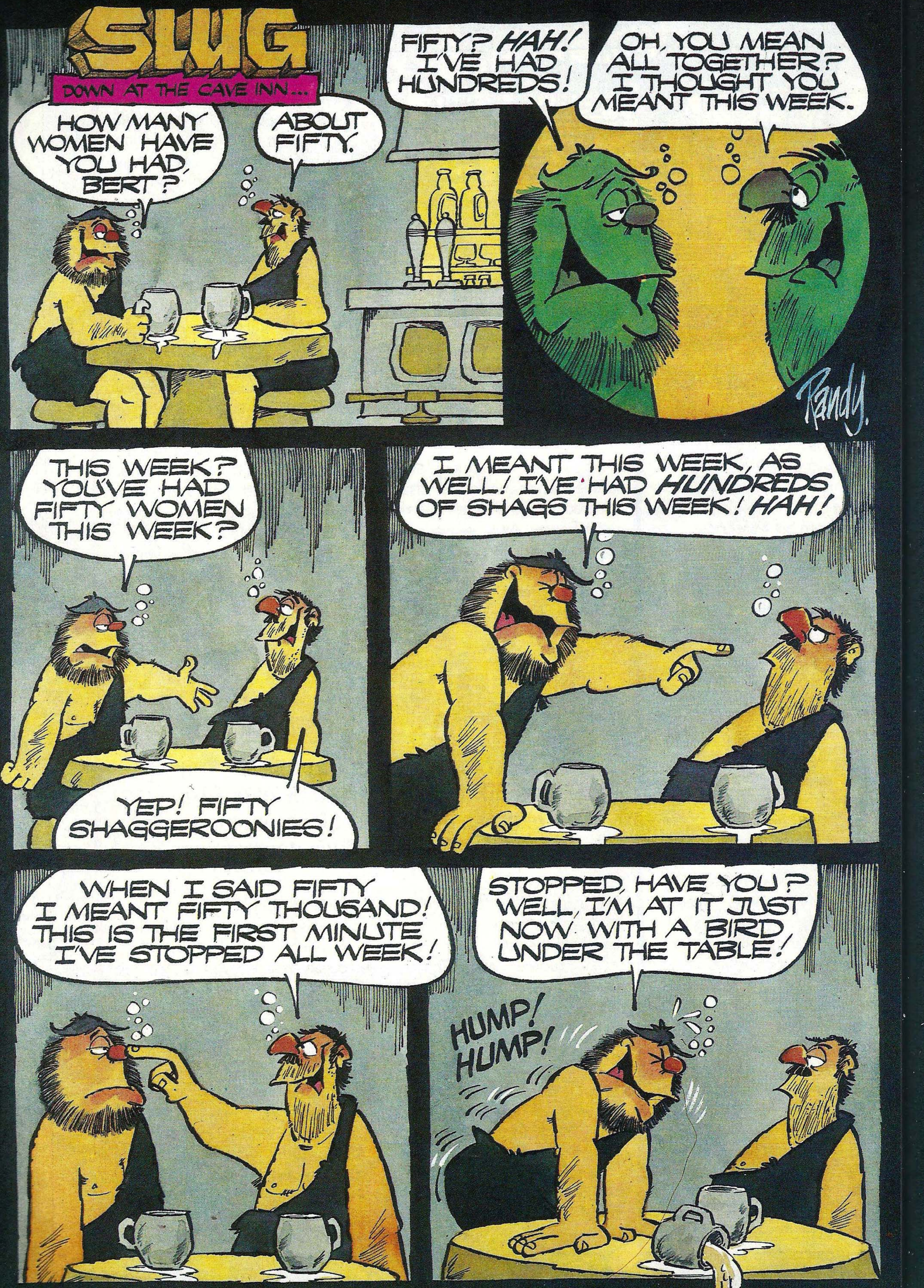
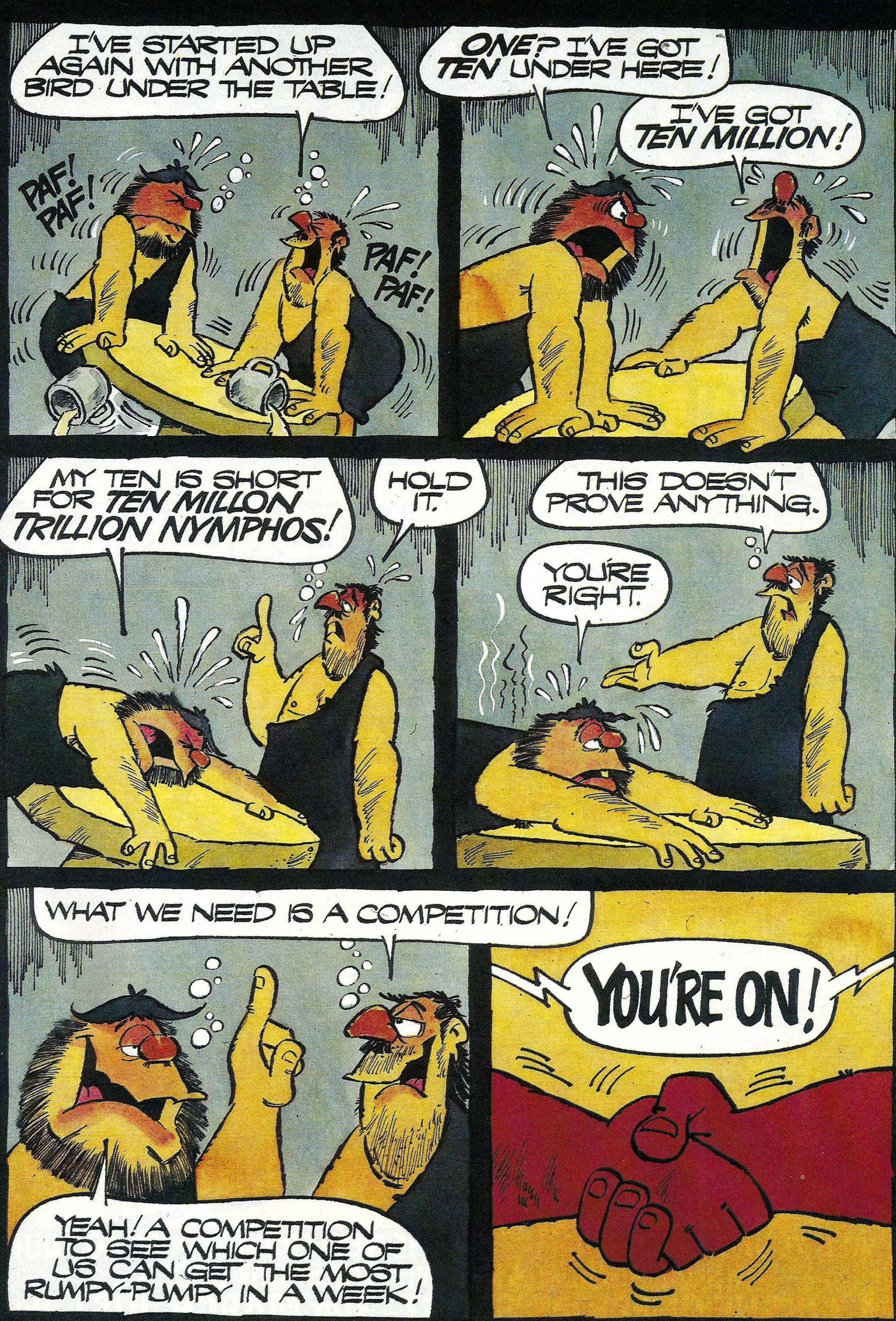

SLUG
DOWN AT THE CAVE INN...
HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE YOU HAD, BERT?
ABOUT FIFTY.
FIFTY? *HAH!* I'VE HAD HUNDREDS!
OH, YOU MEAN ALL TOGETHER? I THOUGHT YOU MEANT THIS WEEK.
Randy.
THIS WEEK? YOU'VE HAD FIFTY WOMEN THIS WEEK?
YEP! FIFTY SHAGGEROONIES!
I MEANT THIS WEEK, AS WELL! I'VE HAD *HUNDREDS* OF SHAGS THIS WEEK! *HAH!*
WHEN I SAID FIFTY I MEANT FIFTY THOUSAND! THIS IS THE FIRST MINUTE I'VE STOPPED ALL WEEK!
STOPPED, HAVE YOU? WELL, I'M AT IT JUST NOW WITH A BIRD UNDER THE TABLE!
HUMP! HUMP!


I'VE STARTED UP AGAIN WITH ANOTHER BIRD UNDER THE TABLE!
PAF! PAF!
PAF! PAF!
ONE? I'VE GOT *TEN* UNDER HERE!
I'VE GOT *TEN MILLION!*
MY TEN IS SHORT FOR *TEN MILLON TRILLION NYMPHOS!*
HOLD IT.
THIS DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
WHAT WE NEED IS A COMPETITION!
YEAH! A COMPETITION TO SEE WHICH ONE OF US CAN GET THE MOST RUMPY-PUMPY IN A WEEK!
YOU'RE ON!

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SUNDAY SPORT

35p

Love-sick gardener marries lettuce PAGE 11

May 1, 1988

THE PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER

SEX KILLER WARRED

THE SPORT

SHOWER POWER

FIGHTING FOR YOU — BATTLING FOR BRITAIN

25p

Bunter offer to Elton

TORY SEX

Streets should be safe

THE CRAZE THAT REALLY TURNS THE GIRLS ON

PLUS WIFE, 67

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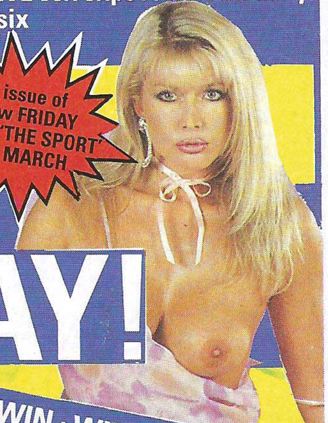
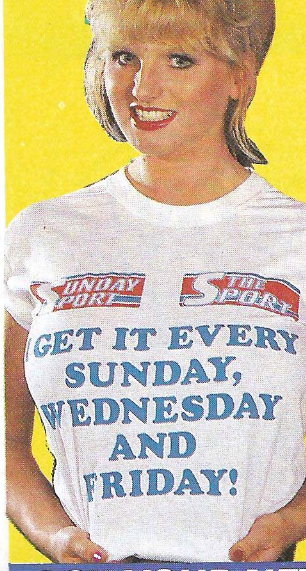


It's New

AND NOW YOU CAN GET IT EVERY FRIDAY!

THE SPORT 25p



SUNDAY SPORT
THE SPORT
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It's got lots of girls — new to newspaper modelling with their biggest assets on view.

It's packed with outrageous stories and popular news items.

It's got FIONA — sexsational agony aunt — she's the hottest in Fleet Street.

It features BOBBY MOORE — former England Captain for the very best in soccer coverage.

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- ROLLS ROYCE
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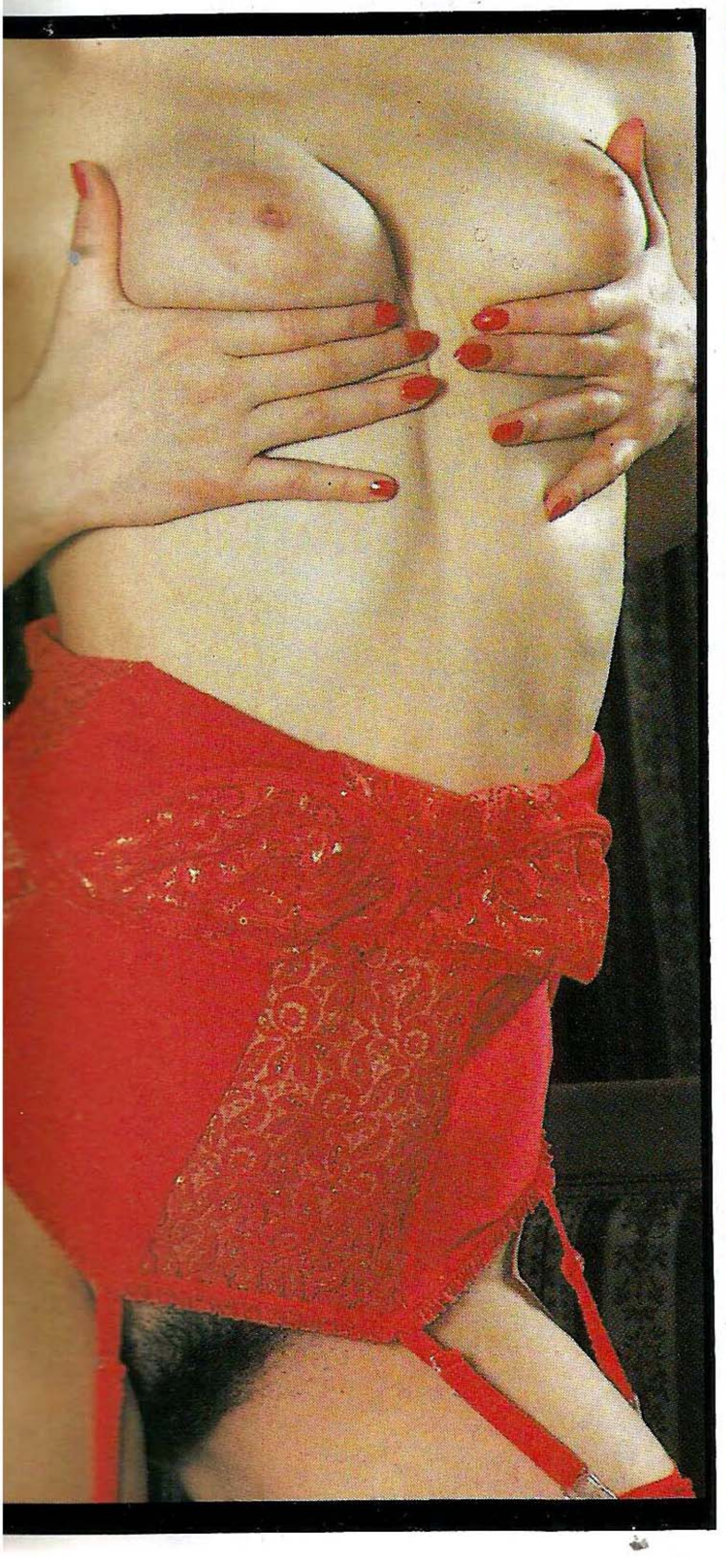
ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO ADD THE NEW FRIDAY SPORT TO YOUR USUAL SUNDAY & WEDNESDAY SPORT ORDER.

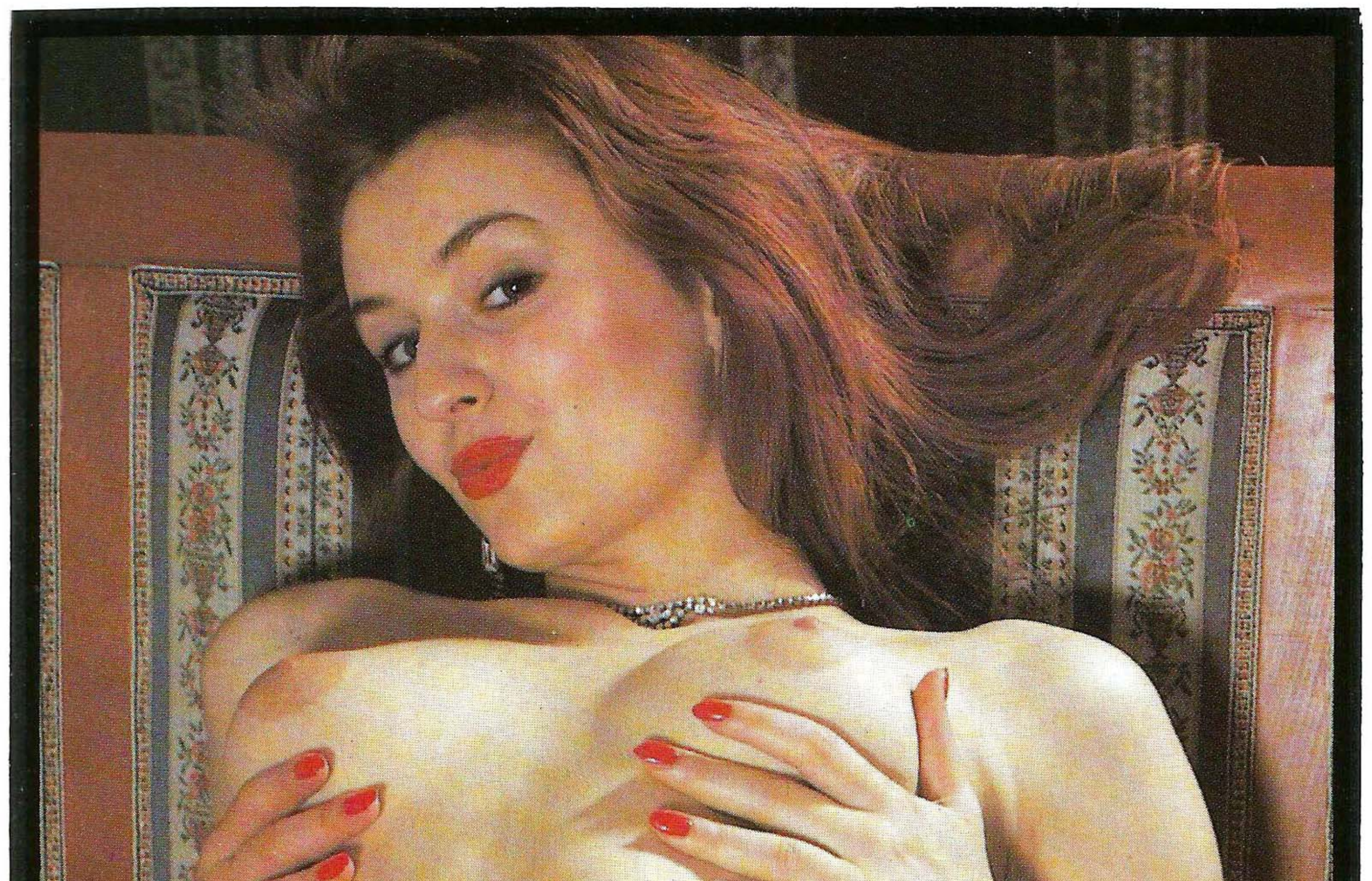
1st ISSUE OF FRIDAY SPORT – 31st MARCH JUST 25p

Audrey



Auburn haired Audrey is our favourite lady in red. And she's so much more than a pretty pair of fun bags. The splendour of her breasts is matched only by that of her thighs, her personality and her brains. I mean, she's achieved so much in life. Multiple orgasms in an average of six out of every seven sexual encounters, a PhD in political philosophy from a highly regarded British University and a special mention in our glorious Editor's filofax where she's filed under *Hobbies* with a cryptic cross-reference to *Personal*.

Photographed by Geoff Hayes



Photograp illustrations courtesy of The Kobal Collection

SEX IN THE HORROR FILM

Ever wondered why it's always the ghouls who get off with the girls? Is it to do with the dark side of the psyche? Is it anything to do with atavistic memories deep in our unconscious? KIM NEWMAN has been looking at the hornier side of the horror movie ...

SEX
IN THE
HORROR FILM

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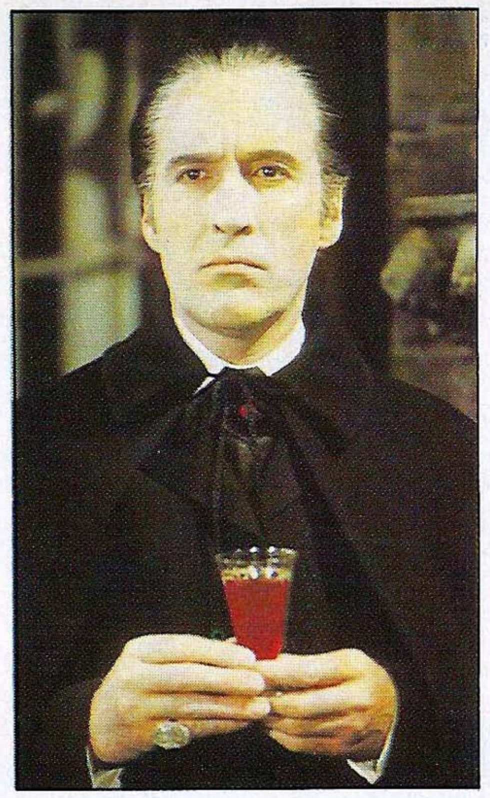
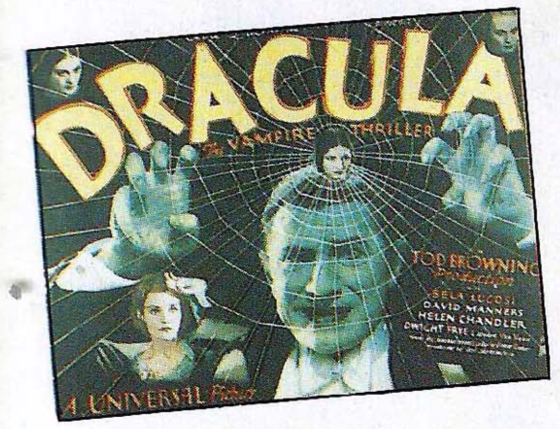


Bloody Mary anyone? Christopher Lee as the genial Count.

Many nightmares are intensely erotic. Sex has been a key ingredient in the horror film since the 20s, when Dr Caligari's somnambulist or the rat-faced Nosferatu first kidnapped and slobbered over the all-in-white virginal heroines of the silent German horror movies. In the early 30s, Bela Lugosi — star of *Dracula* (1930) — received a huge amount of fan mail from women offering him their juicy necks (and sundry other body parts), and his experience was later repeated by such undead Don Juans as Christopher Lee, Hammer's Dracula in 1958, Frank Langella, a latino vampire in yet another *Dracula* remake in 1979, Chris Sarandon, the blood-sucking swinger of *Fright Night* (1985) and the pop video poseurs who stalk the night in *The Lost Boys* (1987). Dracula and his disciples are monsters to be feared, but they're also sort of sexy. They stay up all night, stay young forever and are irresistible even to the most virtuous women. While the pudgy Lugosi, with his patent leather hair and incomprehensible Hungarian accent, seems an unlikely heart-throb, it is obvious that the normal heroes of the movie see his Dracula primarily as a sexual rival whose hypnotic glance and aristocratic smarm are liable to whisk away the heroine.



Bela Lugosi is Dracula in Tod Browning's masterpiece.

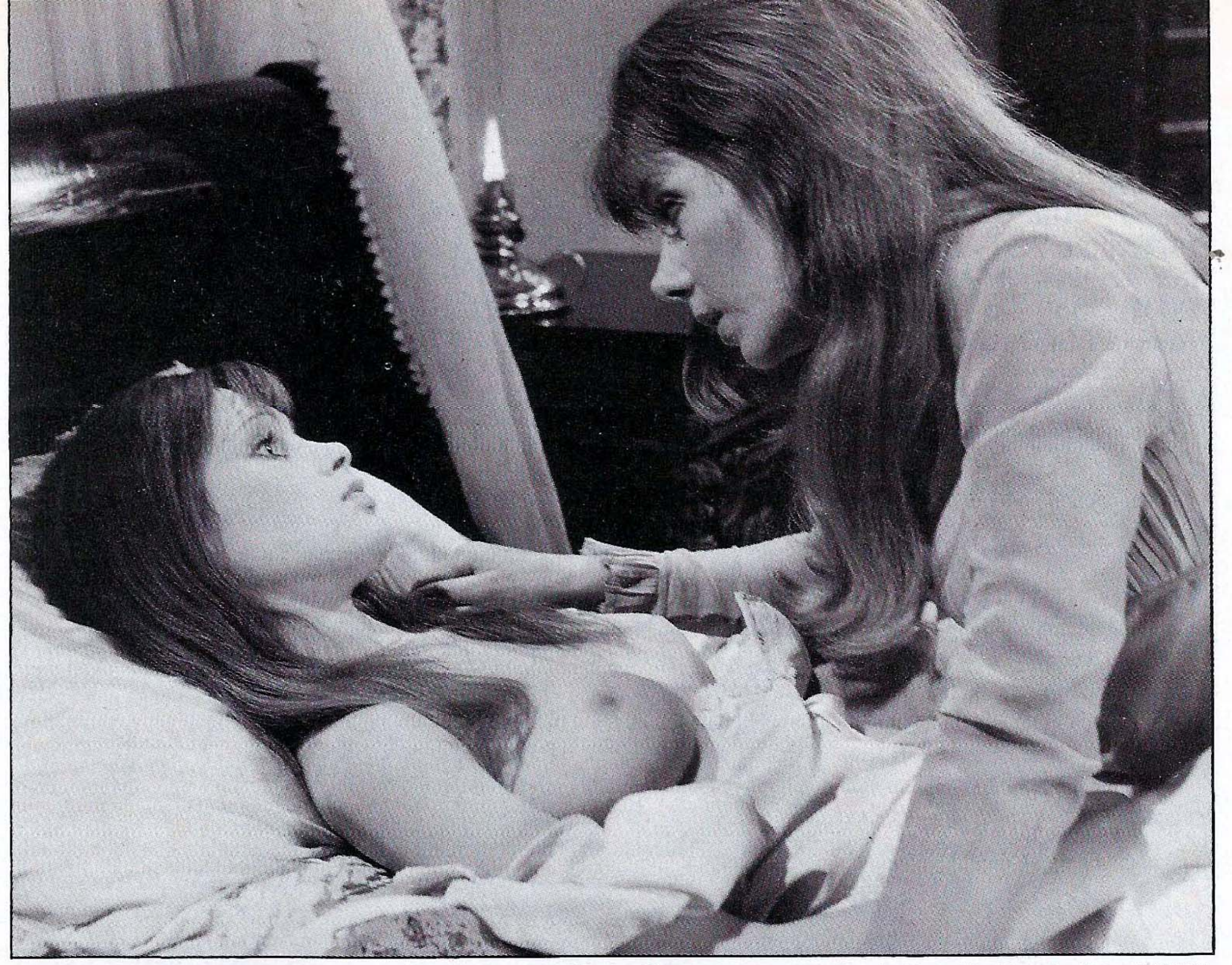
"Dracula and his disciples are monsters to be feared, but they're also sort of sexy."

Male viewers have fantasies too, and they are represented in *Dracula* by the Count's three vampire brides (Three women! What a man!) and by his *femme* victims, who come back from the dead with sharp teeth and a lust for the blood of young men. Throughout the history of the genre, the male and female monsters have been present to excite the couples in the audience. The first great wave of horror films in the 30s and 40s, which gave us Lugosi's Dracula, Boris Karloff as the Frankenstein Monster, Claude Rains as the Invisible Man, Lon Chaney Jr as the Wolf Man and King Kong as himself, mainly sublimated the sex. While the hairy-chested werewolf and (particularly) the giant gorilla might have big eyes for the blonde heroines, it was obvious that temperament in one case and physical disproportion in the other would prevent the consummation of the affair. There was a *Bride Of Frankenstein* (1935) and a *Dracula's Daughter* (1936), but Elsa Lanchester's frizzed perm and Gloria Holden's matronly bisexual vampiress are tragicomic figures, uncharged by sensuality. In the black and white golden age of horror there were only a few really sexy performances — Miriam Hopkins as the leg-waving East End slut who tempts Fredric March in *Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde* (1932), Fay Wray doing isometric exercises in short shorts and attracting the attentions of the deformed villain in *Mystery Of The Wax Museum*, and Simone Simon as the repressed young wife who thinks she'll turn into a monster if she gets aroused in bed in *Cat People* (1943).

"Peter Cushing's mad scientist is a lecher who uses his monster to dispose of an inconvenient mistress."

When Hammer Films remade all the great Monster movies in the late 50s and early 60s, they took advantage of looser censorship to slip in some actual blood and cleavage. They also had colour, British acting and thudding musical scores to work up the tension. In *Curse Of Frankenstein* (1957), Peter Cushing's mad scientist is a lecher who uses his monster to dispose of an inconvenient mistress, and Christopher Lee's Dracula spends most of his time leaping in and out of boudoirs. Hammer had a preference for busty heroines and frequently weren't too concerned about their acting ability. After all, with Lee and Cushing to hold up in the thespian department, who cared if the leading lady couldn't read her own name off an idiot card? Valerie Gaunt, Yvonne Romain, Yvonne Monlaur, Yvonne Furneaux (someone at Hammer had a thing about Yvonnes), Marie Windsor, Marla Landi, Barbara Shelley (who could act), Jacqueline Pearce (who could turn into a snake in *The Reptile*, 1965), Veronica Carlson, Linda Hayden (a fetching nymphet whose finest hour was as the teenage witch queen in *Blood On Satan's Claw*, 1971), Anouska Hempel, Valerie Leon and Caroline Munro all filled out their roles admirably, whether shrinking from Peter Cushing's crucifix or welcoming Christoper Lee's plastic-dentured love bites. And for the more exotic roles in Hammer's parallel series of bizzarre adventure movies from *She* (1964) through *The Viking Queen* (1966) and *Slave Girls* (1966) to *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth* (1969), there were always limited talents like Carita, Victoria Vetri, Olinka Berova and Dana Gillespie to breathe heavily in their breastplates and fur bikinis.

Ursula Andress demonstrating that we all need a little warmth sometimes...



Vampiress, Ingrid Pitt checking out victim Madeline Smith in "The Vampire Lovers" (1970).

In 1970, the studio made *The Vampire Lovers*, which went beyond even their usual limits and introduced Ingrid Pitt as a bosomy, often-nude, bisexual teenage vampire and the memorably-endowed Madeline Smith as her drippy, equally topless victim. There had been lesbian vampires before — in *Dracula's Daughter,* and Roger Vadim's stylish *Blood And Roses* — but *The Vampire Lovers* actually went so far as to have its vampirettes draw blood from the nipple rather than the neck. Hammer followed up with the likes of *Lust For A Vampire* (1970), with Ingrid Pitt as a wrinkled aristocrat becoming young and amorous through bathing in virgin's blood, *Dr Jekyll And Sister Hyde* (1970), with a prissy Jekyll (Ralph Bates transmogrified into predatory sex kitten Martine Beswick, and *Twins Of Evil* (1971), which spotlights the fanged charms of Madeleine and Mary Collinson amid the usual blood-drinking, staking, with burning and crumbling away to dust. Along the way Hammer also gave roles to Raquel Welch, Ursula Andress, Stephanie Beacham, Joanna Lumley, Stefanie Powers and Nastassja Kinski. Not to mention Scandinavian Bimbette Julie Ege, the Samantha Fox of the early 70s, who has disappeared entirely since posing for millions of pin-ups and vainly fumbling with dialogue in *Creatures The World Forgot* (1970) — where she only had to grunt like a cavegirl — and *Legend Of The Seven Golden Vampires* (1973) — where someone stupidly decided to let her try whole sentences.

When they got around to introducing nudity and heavy petting into their movies, Hammer were in fact merely trying to catch up with the competition, for continental horror films had had a heavy erotic content ever since British-born Barbara Steele rose from the tomb in the Italian *Mask Of Satan* (1960) and proceded to slink and sulk her way through a series of bizarrely erotic gothic chillers, including *Terror Of Dr Hitchcock* (1960) — a necrophilic love story advertised daringly with lines like "the candle of his lust burned brightest in the shadow of the grave" and "his secret was a coffin named DESIRE!" — *The Long Hair Of Death* (1965), *Terror Creatures From Beyond The Grave* (1965) and *An Angel For Satan* (1966). Steele also found time to appear in Fellini's 8½ and has more recently been found being attacked in the bath by a phallic monster in David Cronenberg's ground breaking horror debut *Shivers* (1976). Steele's screen character was frequently the overpowering, all-devouring sex vampire she plays in *Mask Of Satan*, slobbering over everyone in sight, curling her lips and raising a black eyebrow in an elegant snarl. This omnivorous appetite is also exhibited in a run of vampire pictures from all over the world, including *The Vampire Lovers*, that began in the early 70s. From America, there was *The Velvet Vampire* (1971), who cruises in her dune buggy and has a thing about velvet. From Germany there were stodgy farces like *Bite Me, Darling* (1980), from Spain there was *The Horrible Sexy Vampire* (1972) — who wasn't up to either adjective really, although his film was pretty horrible — and from Belgium there was *Daughter of Darkness* (1971), perhaps the most erotic horror movie of all thime, thanks to Delphine Seyrig in a marcel wave, red nail varnish and silver lamé shroud as a chic vampire countess; and pouting Betty Blue—lookalike Andrea Rau as her doting secretary.

"James Woods develops a vaginal slot on his stomach and buries his head in a mammary television screen ."

A spot of light relief for the undead in the jolly "Love At First Bite".

These were horror films

Continued on page 48

SEX IN THE HORROR FILM

Continued from previous page

with sex, but there was already a thriving tradition of cheapie sex films with horror. Russ Meyer had worked Dracula and the Frankenstein Monster into *Kiss Me Quick* (1964), and there have been sexual skits on almost all the great monsters — with Dracula appearing in action in the likes of *Dracula, The Dirty Old Man* (1969), *Guess What Happened To Count Dracula* (1970), *Count Erotic — Vampire* (1972), and many others. Hardcore stud Jamie Gillis has played the Count in the inevitable *Dracula Sucks* (1980) — a scene for scene remake of the Bela Lugosi *Dracula* with most of the same dialogue, but spiced up with endless humping scenes for Jamie and his usual pals (Serena, John Leslie, Annette Haven, John Holmes, Seka) — and its follow-up *Love at First Gulp* (1982) in which the Count is soppily cured of his curse by true love and turns from a bat into a dove of peace. Dr Jekyll gets his rocks off in *Dr Sexual And Mr Hyde* (1971) and *The Adult Version Of Jekyll And Hide* (1971), not to mention Walerian Borowczyk's arty, dirty *Bloodbath Of Dr Jekyll* (1980). The Frankenstein Monster has fun in the gay-themed *Hollow-My-Weanie, Dr Frankenstein* (1969) and *The Erotic Rites Of Frankenstein* (1972). Lycanthropy is jazzed up in *Naked Werewolf Women* (1976), a real dog that was capped by the very sexy werewolf love scene in *The Howling* (1981). The Devil made people do it in *Naked Exorcist* (1975), *The Sexorcist* (1974), and *The Angel Above, The Devil Below* (1973), in which our hero's private parts are possessed by an insatiable demon; and even the Mummy dripped his bandages for some sex in the dire *Lips Of Blood* (1974). Paul Morrissey and Andy Warhol came up with the ulitmate entries in the monster sex genre in their 1974 items *Flesh For Frankenstein* and *Blood For Dracula*: their Dr Frankenstein gets his sicko jollies copulating with female corpses through his own incisions (his philosophy is "to know life you must first fuck death through the gall bladder") and their Count Dracula can only drink virgin's blood and finds that horny gardener Joe Dallesandro has deflowered all the potential victims in the area to literally sick-making effect.

Pop video poseurs? Us? No way José!

High romance and lip mashing in Cronenberg's re-make of "The Fly".

The kings of continental sex horror are the French Jean Rollin and the Spaniard Jesus Franco. Rollin specializes in vampire pictures, along the lines of *Rape Of The Vampire* (1967), *The Nude Vampire* (1969), *Virgins And Vampires* (1971), *Sex And The Vampire* (1971) and a rather better movie also called *Lips Of Blood* (1976). Franco, however, will make anything at all — including hardcore sex and hard gore violence — just so long as there's money in it; among his sex-horrors are *Succubus* (1967), *Castle Of Lust* (1968), *Lesbian Vampires* (1970), *Virgin Among The Living Dead* (1972), *The Sex Demons* (1972), *The Bare-breasted Countess* (1973), *Sexorisms* (1974) and *Wanda The Wicked Warden* (1977), but he's also made women-in-prison movies, straight (and bent) porno, cannibal movies, Emmanuelle flicks, kiddie fairy tales, and period romps. On his day, Franco is one of the worst film-makers in the world — most of his sex films are stultifying experiences — but he occasionally throws in moments of striking semi-surrealism that make you wonder whether he isn't a frustrated genius. Rollin, on the other hand, is almost an artist, and his vampire films, while packed with the requisite nudity, are stately, dream-like and hypnotic affairs, typified by weird moments like the nude vampire woman creeping out of a grandfather clock in *Sex And The Vampires* or the two vampire girls impaled on the same stake embracing each other for comfort as they die in *Lips Of Blood*. Recently, Rollin has abandoned vampires in favour of zombies, in *Pesticide* (1978), *Zombie Lake* (1980) — one of those underwater Nazi zombie films so popular on video — and the stupid but touching *The Living Dead Girl* (1982), about a woman who tries to help her zombie best friend get along in the world.

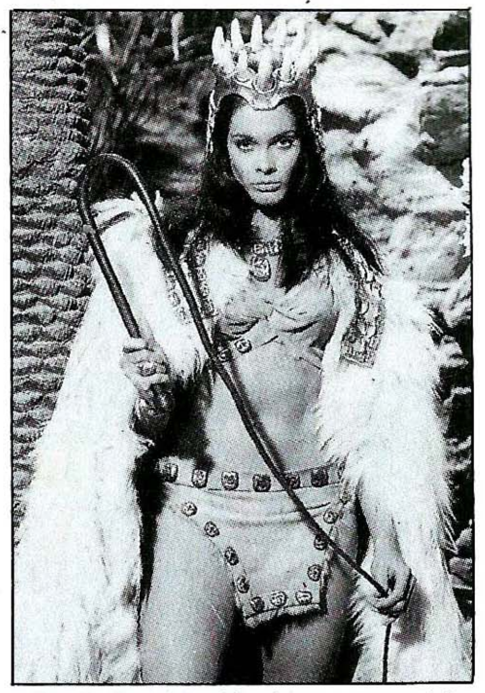
> "Hammer were in fact merely trying to catch up with the competition."

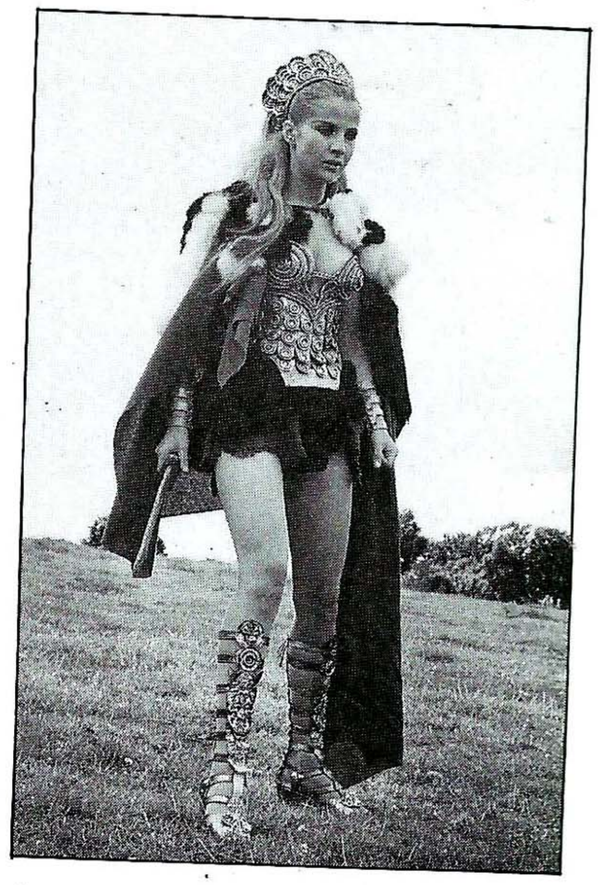
Christopher Lee with a packed lunch.

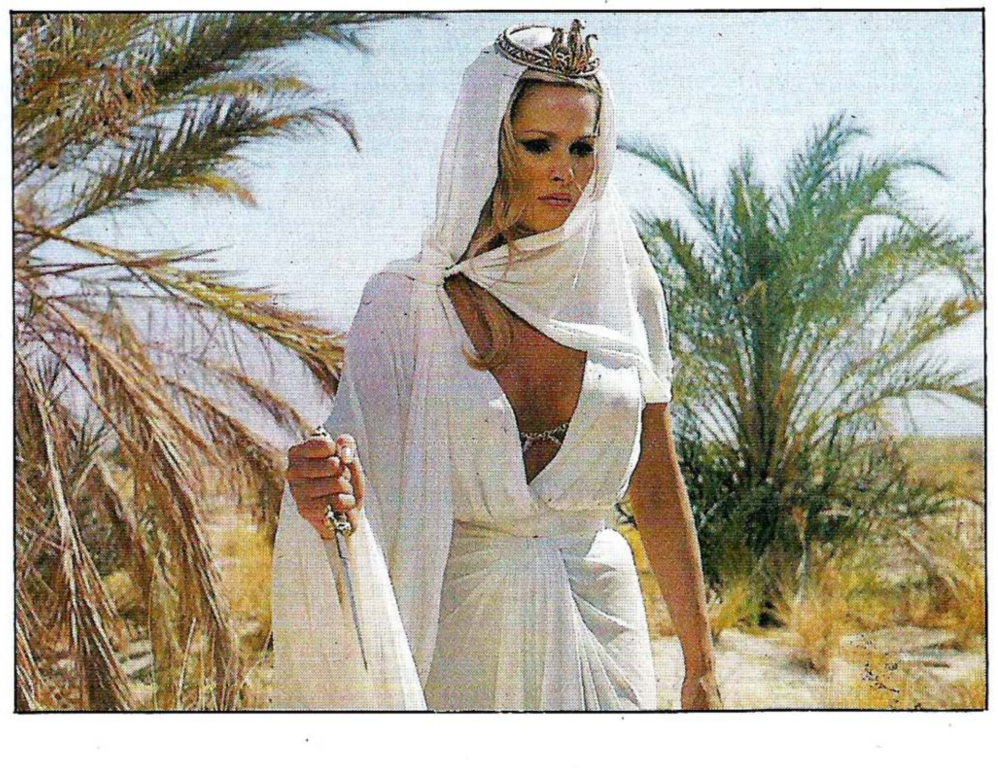
The 70s saw a revival of the horror movie in America, with directors like George Romero, David Cronenberg, Tobe Hooper, Wes Craven and Brian de Palma taking the genre by the scruff of its neck and wrenching it out of the cardboard-and-dry-ice gothic of Hammer into something approaching the 20th century. Of these, the most sexually concerned were Cronenberg and De Palma. Starting with *Shivers* and continuing with such twisted visions as *Rabid* (1978), in which porno queen Marilyn Chambers grows a bloodsucking penis in her armpit, and *Videodrome* (1983) in which James Woods develops a vaginal slot on his stomach and buries his head in a mammary television screen upon which Deborah Harry is pouting, Cronenberg has pushed back the frontiers of screen sexuality in peculiar ways. While De Palma, director of *Carrie* (1976), *Dressed To Kill* (1980) and *Body Double* (1983) has been interested in Hitchockian thrillers full of fetishist imagery, and has made psychotic sex queens out of his leading ladies — Sissy Spacek as the ungainly telekinetic who blossoms into a high school queen and then a killer witch in *Carrie*; the ravishing, mature Angie Dickinson as the first victim and Nancy Allen as the happy hooker turned amateur detective who does her sleuthing in black underwear and suspenders in *Dressed to Kill*; and Melanie Griffith as the porno star mixed up in an insanely complicated murder plot in the sleazy *Body Double*.

Safe sex for all in Warhol and Morrissey's 1974 opus "Flesh For Frankenstein".

> "The overpowering, all-devouring sex vampire ... slobbering over everyone in sight."

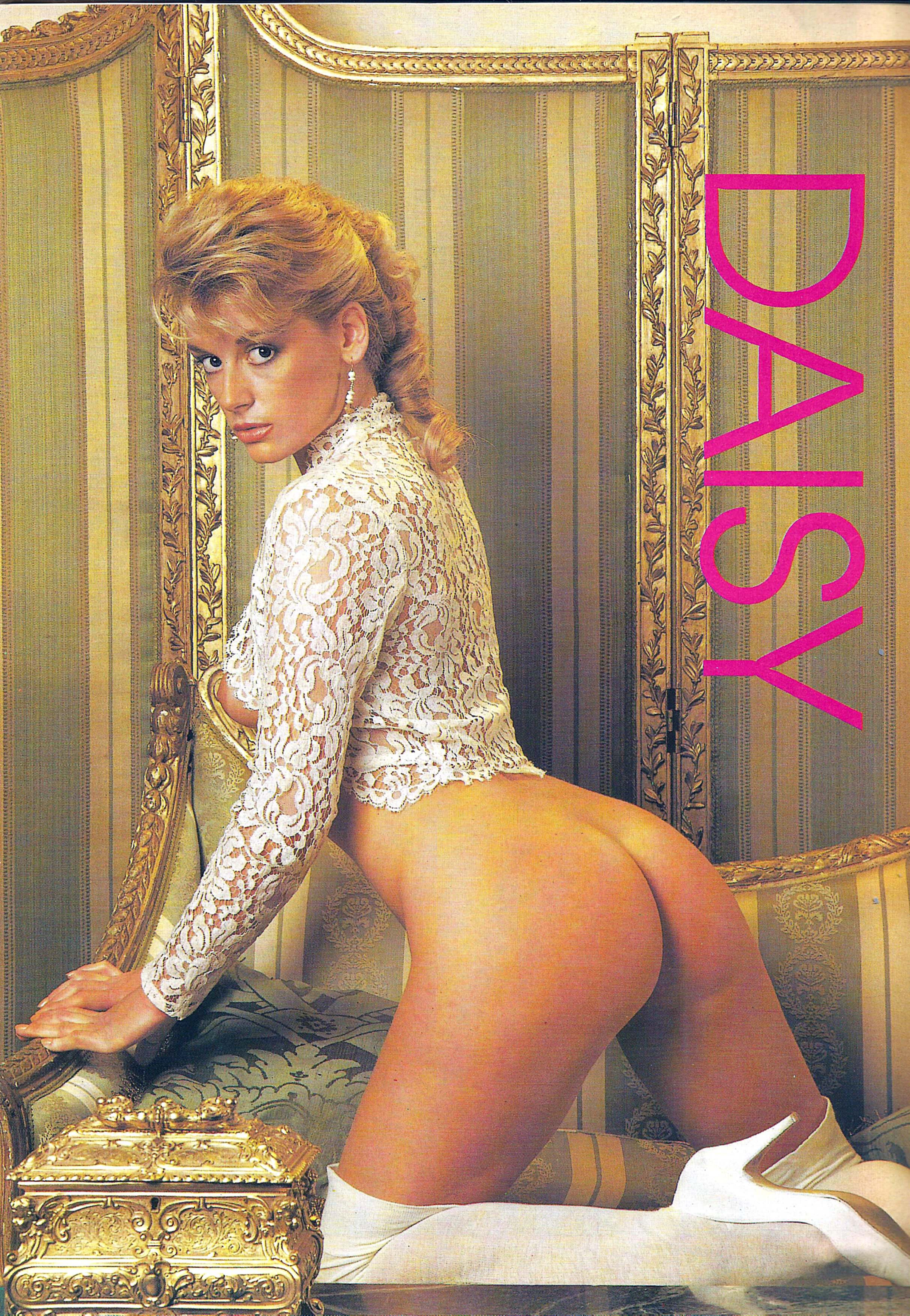

Martie Beswick whipping-up support for "Slave Girls".


Salina, "The Viking Queen" modelling some rather nifty wedge sandles.

Ursula stalks the screen (or possibly some more traditional prey) in "She".


The current horror films scene is somewhat dilated by the heavy dose of humour that seems now to be obligatory to every horror movie. It's as if you can't make a real fright picture any more unless you borrow your entire cast from some *Pork Popsicle* rip-off and build up to the monster scenes with borrowings from *Ferris Bueller's Day Off (1986)*, and while this allows for some slobbering prurience — as in *Vamp* (1986), with Grace Jones leading a troupe of vampire strippers — it usually mitigates against real sexiness. *Return Of The Living Dead* (1985) does have Linnea Quigley as a punkette nude zombie, but all that make-up makes her look like an undressed barbie doll, and the 18 million *Halloween/Friday The 13th* clones usually only feature unclad teenagers to fill in the gaps between the messy murders. In movies like *The Burning* (1980) or *The Prowler* (1981), nudity is featured because it's part of the package, and is cheaper to film than special effects gore. But there have been worthwhile moments of bizarre/horrific sexuality: the gropings of Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon in the otherwise soporific *The Hunger* (1983), a trickle of blood down a fishnet stocking and high heel in *Graveyard Shift* (1986), Claire Higgins' affair with a still-wet zombie in *Hellraiser* (1987), and Jeff Goldblum's improved sexual performance after tele portion in Cronenberg's *The Fly* (1986).

DAISY



Regular readers of these girlie blurbs will doubtless recall that the last time Daisy spread her wares in Knave it was to the accompaniment of a fascinating example of that sub-genre of blurb prose politely known as *drunken hack of consciousness with new improved spelling mistakes.* The poor girl didn't like it. She wanted something sensible to accompany her pictures. So we did the gallant thing and invited her back for another session of incitement to hedonism. this time round, we promised, our blurbist would be sober, principled... an upstanding practitioner of his art. We even offered Daisy the right of veto over his fetid scribbling. Sadly, the blurbist lived down to everyone's worst expectations. So, it looks like we'll just have to invite Daisy back for another appearance sometime and see if we can get it right next time.

Photographed by Austin Legrew

DAISY

KNAVE

The Copenhagen
KILLINGS
KILLINGS

Illustrated by Kevin O'keefe

HOW TO SMASH THE CLASS SYSTEM

Eminent Practitioner of Sociopersonal Relationships, author of "Hermeneutics, Intersubjectivity And The Art Of Bullshitting" and Head of the London Institute of People-manipulation, DR SIGMUND VON DOPPELGANGER doesn't have any love for the British class system. Here's how he plans to destroy it ...

HOW TO SMASH THE CLASS SYSTEM

Continued from previous page

From the cradle to the grave, the vast majority of Britishers are assigned their places in the pecking-order – and that's usually where they stay. Upper-class kids are sent to public schools where they are taught to be gentlemen and learn how to sodomize each other. Working class kids are sent to comprehensives, where they don't learn anything in particular apart from – if you believe the papers – drug abuse and unarmed combat. The former then go on to become the politicians, lawyers, judges and captains of industry. The latter become the industrial cannon-fodder or – more recently – unemployment statistics.

This state of things may be unfair. It's certainly inefficient. The fact that people are more or less born into their chosen careers accounts for the decline of British industry. Management and unions do not know how to communicate with each other, simply because they belong to different worlds. Moreover, a bloke who might have made a really good managing director is condemned to spend the rest of his life on the shop floor because he doesn't know how to talk proper and doesn't have an old school tie. If he ever had a school tie in the first place, he probably used it for strangling someone in the playground some years ago. Similarly, a chap who might have been a really brilliant spot-welder has to make do with being a third-rate solicitor just because he went to Eton.

> "A chap who might have been a really brilliant spot-welder has to make do with being a third-rate solicitor just because he went to Eton."

So it's about time that the class system was destroyed! Not by a revolution, which necessarily involves people being horrible to each other, but by more subversive, non-violent means. This is best achieved by bringing the two nations closer together through their sporting and leisure interests. If people can enjoy themselves together and have common interests, they speak the same language. The old barriers will break down – not overnight, but slowly and steadily.

It is with this in mind that I have devised a number of leisure activities which aim to bring the classes together by appealing to their common interests. If people got involved wholeheartedly in some or all of the activities below, then I believe that we would truly be on the road to a classless society, indeed a society with no bloody class at all.

CHESS HOOLIGANISM

This one speaks for itself. You need only imagine the following on the sports pages of a tabloid newspaper...

"Fans invade Board after Last-Minute Pawn Sensation.

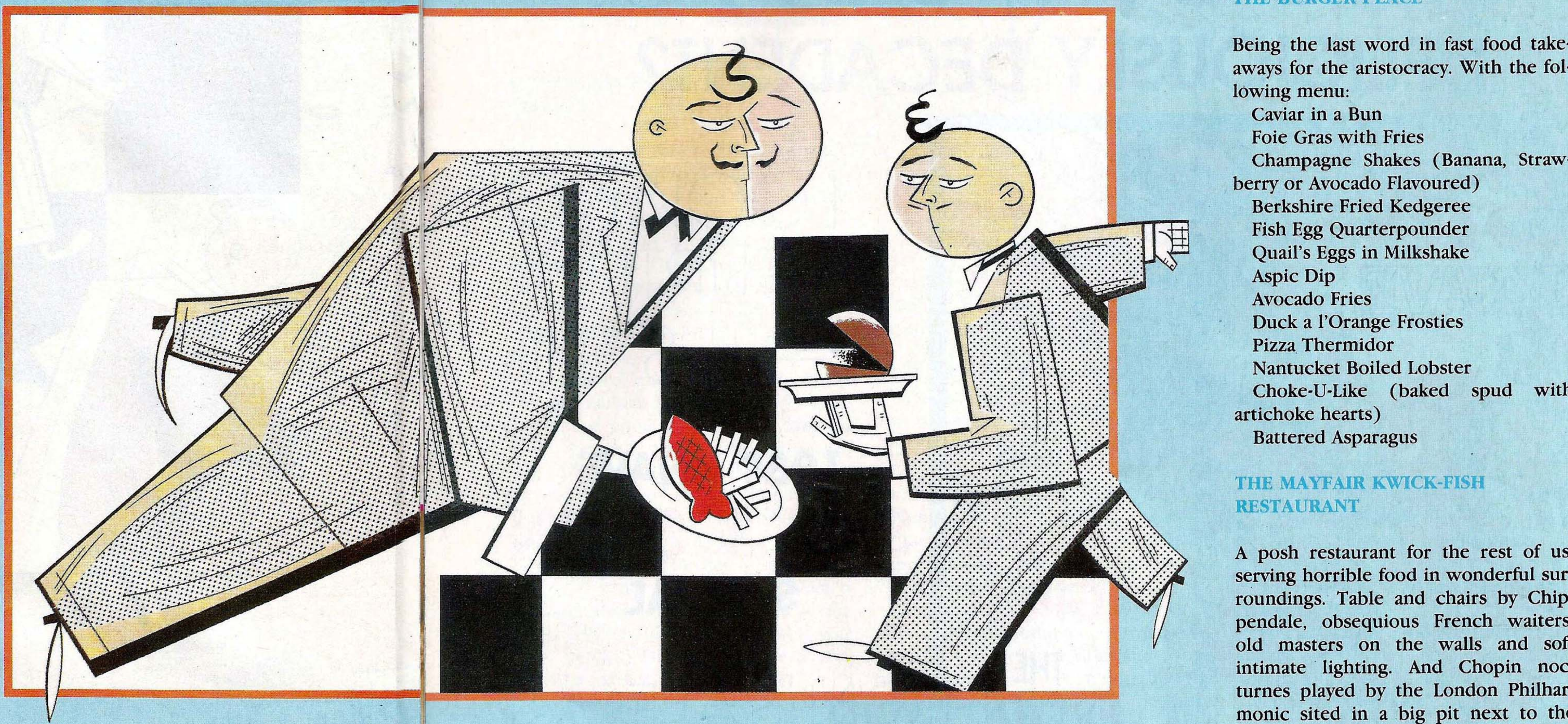
"Yes! It's the King-sized shocker that everyone's talking about! 'Make no mistake about this one, Ron,' Red grand master Boris Gurdjieff (*Look, this is offensive to anyone who knows what you're talking about – Ed.*) told me last night... I took a right hammering in the second half. That bleedin' Viktor Potemkin stitched me up proper with his Queen's gambit. Out of nowhere, it came. Course, I've been plagued by injury this season. My Pawn-moving fingers got broken in a nightclub brawl in Reykjavik. I think it's about time I packed in the game and opened a boutique."

"Brought before Helsinki magistrates, British chess hooligan Nigel Millwall Ponsonby-Thug pleaded not guilty to charges of affray and conduct likely to cause a breach of the green baize table. Interviewed afterwards he said: 'Those bleedin' Potemkin supporters had it coming to them. One of them threw a broken bottle at the ref. while Boris was thinking hard about one of them tricky Castle moves. So me and the lads steamed in and gave them a bit of a spanking. I love this game."

DEBRETT'S ALL-IN MUD WRESTLING

Yep! On all day long on BBC2 during the summer months. Just picture the scene, complete with commentary from Lady Olga Money...

"Very interesting bout, this one. The girls represent two of England's oldest and richest families. The de Halifaxes and the Manchester d'Arcys have had a longstanding and thoroughly tedious grudge ever since the Wars of the Roses. That was when Sir Roger de Halifax called Roderick, Duke of d'Arcy, a boar's bottom ... And here come the girls ... they're getting into the ring now. There's Caroline (32-24-38) and Annabel (28-28-28) and here comes the referee, the Archbishop of Canterbury. He's introducing them politely, telling them that he wants a good, clean fight ... And they're away! 'Here's mud in your eye, Caroline,' Annabel is saying as she flicks mud all over her opponent's pink taffeta ballgown. That's a terrible clash there between the gown and the stockings, don't you think, Brian? (snore) ... And the crowd is going absolutely wild! Yes! One of them's even woken up and is asking for another brandy as Caroline tweaks Annabel's pale blue ribbon. Now the girls are really going for each other. They're hitching up their skirts and are circling each other, saying nasty things about one another's ponies ... Oh look! That's about the end of it. It's all over, all finished very suddenly ... Caroline's Pater has arrived in the Range Rover to take her home."



THE STAND-UP COMIC IN A NORTHERN LOAFING-MEN'S CLUB

"Good evening, my lords, ladies and gentlemen. My name is the Honourable Percy Snootbucket, seventeenth Marquess of Toxteth, but you can call me Bobby Chuckles. It is necessary to laugh every once in a while, is it not? A mildly amusing event occured as I was getting into my Rolls on the way to the theatre. I saw Arthur Scargill being taken out and shot. It is necessary to laugh every once in a while, is it not? ... (audience claps politely) ... But seriously, though, I simply adore coming to Liverpool from my country seat. The people are so friendly, don't you think? Why, only yesterday a little oik from one of those dreadful council estates offered to swap me his sister for a tube of aeroplane glue. I had to turn him down as I've already got two sisters. And how they keep those huge Jumbo Jets together with those little tubes of sticky stuff, I'll never know ... It is necessary to laugh every once in a while, is it not? Finally, I would be deeply honoured if you would permit me the indulgence of entertaining you with an impromptu comic song..."

(Sings) Ohhhh! My old man's a Marquess.
He wears a Marquess hat
He wears robes of ermine;
and he owns your council flat ...
(Gold-plated crook emerges from stage left and pulls him off).

THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL

As reviewed in 'Smash Arias', the teen magazine for opera-boppers:

"What a treat! Five days in the mud at Glyndebourne free festival smoking dope, drinking cider cocktails, eating magic mushrooms and cream and watching all 85 hours of whacky Wagner's new concept album, 'The Ring Cycle'.

"After two weeks of tuning up and sound checking, hunky Placido Domingo finally hit the stage in his skin-tight leathers and Viking hat. Result – screaming hysteria from 50,000 wildly excited teeny-boppers. Sexy punkette, Kiri Te Kanawa, wore her underwear on the outside and wowed us all with her pre-Madonna version of the Verdi song. Bad news with the P.A. though. The rain caused a sensational electrical fault – much better than the boring old fart hippie lasers at Glastonbury – and that meant that the sizzling love-scene in the 43rd hour really burnt up the stage. And Placido's leathers, too! Too bad, Placido baby. Before you could say *mal de nuts*, the Big P was showing us all what a great future he has as a soprano!"

> "They're circling each other and saying nasty things about one another's ponies ..."

THE BURGER PLACE

Being the last word in fast food takeaways for the aristocracy. With the following menu:

Caviar in a Bun
Foie Gras with Fries
Champagne Shakes (Banana, Strawberry or Avocado Flavoured)
Berkshire Fried Kedgeree
Fish Egg Quarterpounder
Quail's Eggs in Milkshake
Aspic Dip
Avocado Fries
Duck a l'Orange Frosties
Pizza Thermidor
Nantucket Boiled Lobster
Choke-U-Like (baked spud with artichoke hearts)
Battered Asparagus

THE MAYFAIR KWICK-FISH RESTAURANT

A posh restaurant for the rest of us, serving horrible food in wonderful surroundings. Table and chairs by Chippendale, obsequious French waiters, old masters on the walls and soft intimate lighting. And Chopin nocturnes played by the London Philharmonic sited in a big pit next to the bog doors.

Menu:
Bubble et Squeak
Poisson et Pommes Frites a l'Anglais
Le Pot Chaud Lancashire
Boeuf Brule et Carottes
Ouefs Frites avec Cercle d'Oignon
Les Sandwichs aux Fromage Mouse trap avec Beaucoup de Branston
Les Tripes de Goat dans Custard
Chateaubriand et Kidney Pie
Crapaud au Trou
Le Dick Spottee
Le Rolee Polee en Confiture
Les Prunes Flambees
Side Dishes
Haricots en Sauce Tomaté au Pain Brule
Graisse
Huile
Le Fat

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HOW TO SMASH THE CLASS SYSTEM

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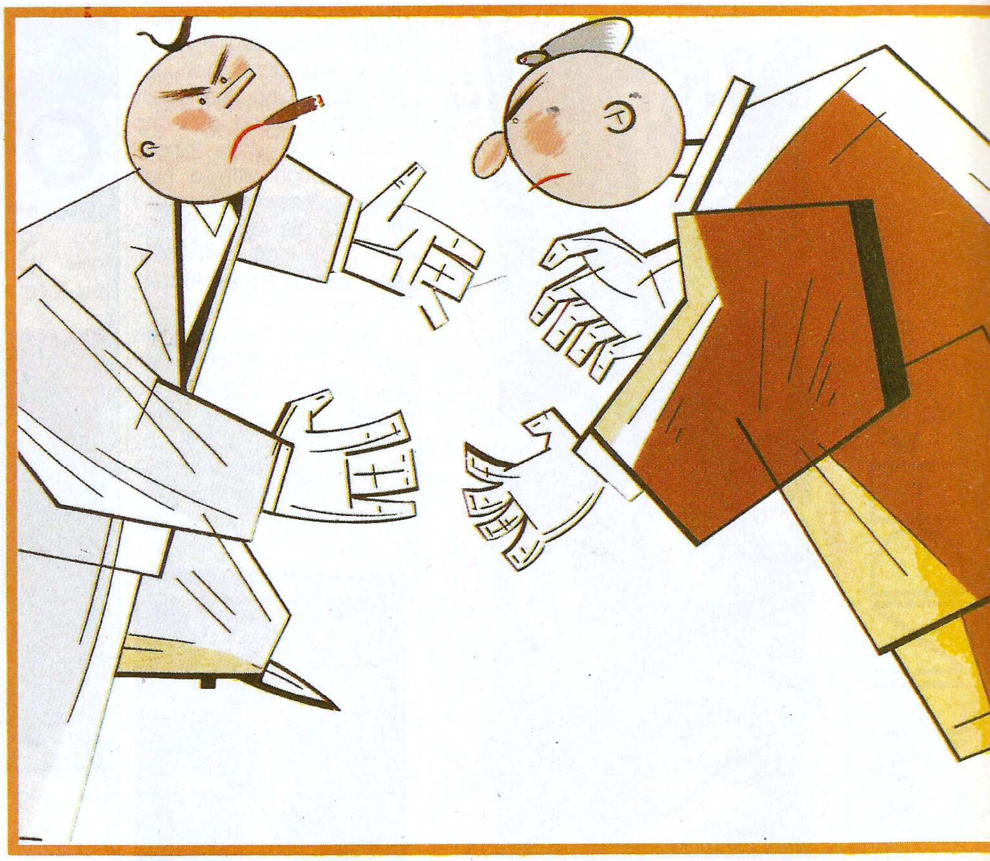


HIGH-CLASS BOOKS FOR THE MASS MARKET

What could be easier? You take some of the world's greatest works of literature and simply change the title and put a racy picture on the cover.

This way, you get titles like 'A La Recherche des Carpetbaggers', 'Finnegan's Orgy', 'Splatter and Sick' (formerly 'War and Peace'), 'Sex and Violence' (better known as 'Crime and Punishment'), 'Emmanuelle of the d'Urbervilles' and 'A Woodland Orgy' ('A Midsummer Night's Dream') Shakespeare's a good one for this kind of scam, because all his greatest works are full of massive sex and violence anyway. You can change 'Romeo and Juliet' to 'Teenage Tenderhearts' for the Mills and Boon market, and no aficionado of trashy thrillers could possible resist a title like 'The Copenhagen Killings' (Hamlet). Those who go for crass, innuedo-filled comic novels will love 'Mobey Dick', once we've renamed it 'Ey Hab, It's a Whopper!'

Of course, the title on its own is not enough, you have to make sure that the blurb on the back cover is equally enticing. 'Oliver Twist' could have something like this ... 'He was streetwise. He was tough. He fought his way up from nothing only to be dragged down again by the evil Godfather of Whitechapel. He was a man who wanted more. More of everything. More sex. More violence. More money. More! More! More!

> "Chopin nocturnes played by the London Philharmonic who are sat in a big pit next to the bog doors."

"His most sizzling sin-sation since 'David Copperfield.' – *Bridgwater Clarion.*

Or with 'Jane Eyre': "She was a bitch. Through and through. She knew what she wanted and she wanted him! She wanted his love, his money, his power, his manhood – every inch of him! But she didn't know about the horrible secret of the big old house. And the servants weren't telling ...

"Randy, raunchy, dirty, disgusting, depraved and expensive. I liked it." – *Times Literary Supplement.*

Alternatively, You can take a bunch of massively-popular downmarket bestsellers and change titles and covers to turn them into something boring and respectable ... 'Valley of the Dolls' becomes 'Sisters' Collective', 'Lace' becomes 'Wool' and 'A Contextual Analysis of De Gaulle's Foreign and Domestic Policy in the Fifth Republic with Reference to the Post-Colonial Focus of Pluralistic Opposition' is better known as 'The Day of the Jackal'.

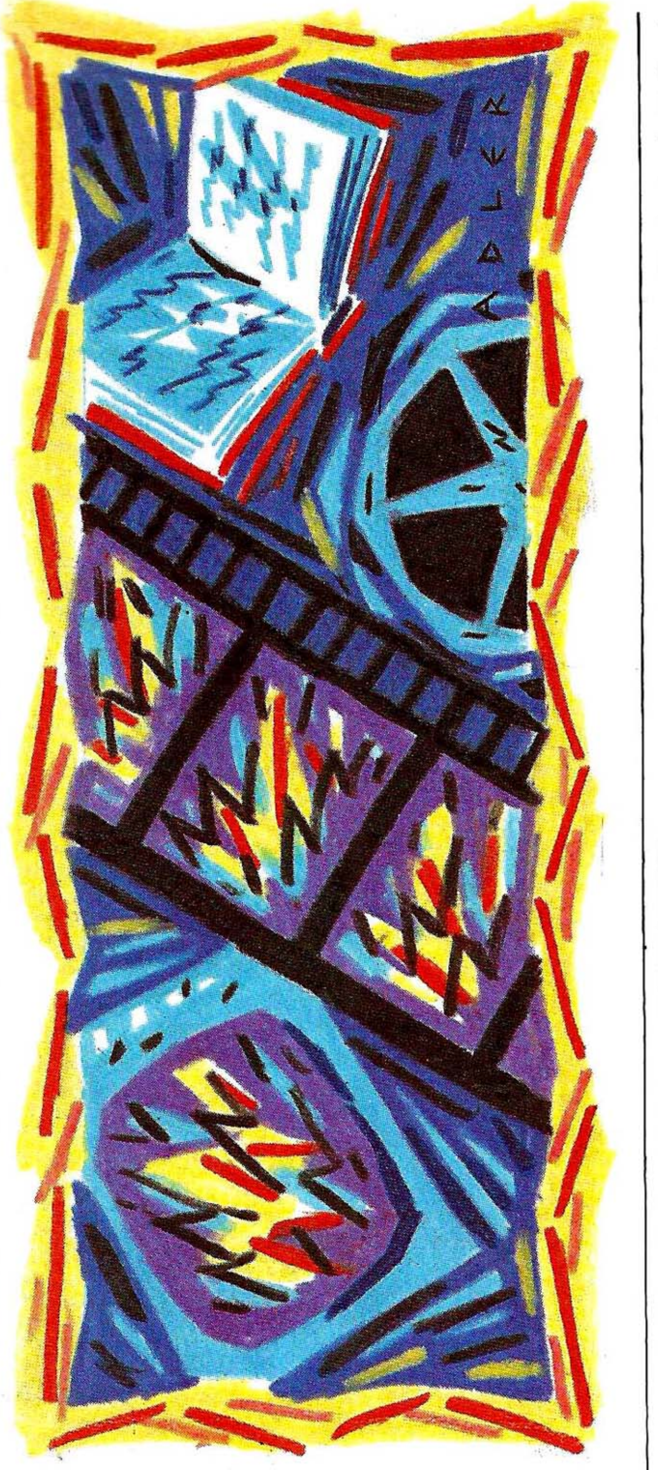
You can have a lot of fun with these. It would take the highest of high-brows to guess that 'Southern European Ethnic Subcultures and their Influence on Business Infrastructures in the Service and Manufacturing Sectors of the North American Economy' was once an internation bestseller called 'The Godfather'. Some more? How about:

'The Feeding Habits of the Common Elasmo' ('Jaws')
'Our Furry Friends' ('The Rats')
'Sand' (vols. I-V) ('Dune')
'How to Win Friends and Influence People' ('Emmanuelle')
'Watch the Birdie' ('The Eagle has Landed')
'Last Among Nonentities' ('First Among Equals')

You get the idea anyway. By encouraging people to enjoy themselves together they get to see the other person's point of view. It's a lot less hassle and heartache than international socialist revolution, and the real beauty of this all – as the more astute among you will have noticed – is that this way there are plenty of marvellous opportunities for getting rich.

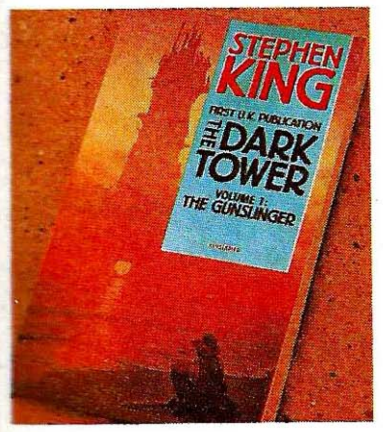
While I'm about it, I'd just like to add a little word about:

This week's sensational special offer at Sigi's Burger Trough! Come to Sigi's and prove that the last five generations of your family have been roadsweepers or coal miners and Sigi will give you one of his delicious Fish Egg Quarterpounders at *half price* PLUS ... one of Sigi's special potato flavoured shakes ABSOLUTELY FREE! Yes! Sigi throws in the shake, and you can throw it up! AND ... if you're a member of the aristocracy and can prove that your family have owned at least half of any English county for the last five hundred years, there's a half price pizza thermidor with lashings of Sigi's special strawberry relish waiting for you. So don't be a snob! Come to Sigi's, the seat of classy, class-free eating! Oh yes, and don't forget to have a nice day.



Books

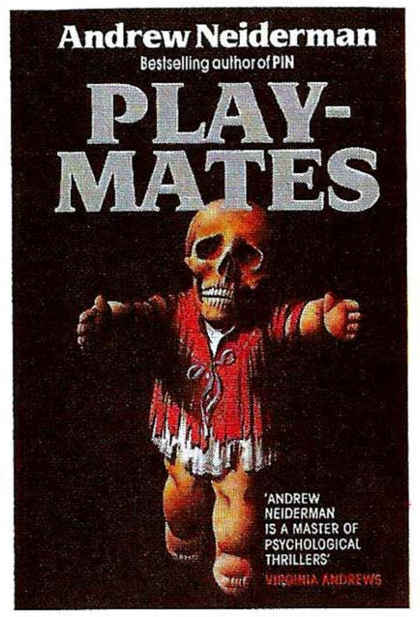
It looks like Stephen King will not be going hungry this year. For one there's the publication of ***The Dark Tower Vol.1 — The Gunslinger*** *(Sphere, £6.99)*. Originally, a series of short stories published in an American science fantasy magazine, these haunting mini-epics — part of a grander project which may or may not ever be completed — are brooding pieces borrowing from the Western as well as the more literary end of the fantasy spectrum.



Alternative realities, time games and a gun-slinger in search of a Dark Tower, romantic stuff written superbly. It just goes to show that you can have poetry in your soul and still be a bestselling gore merchant.

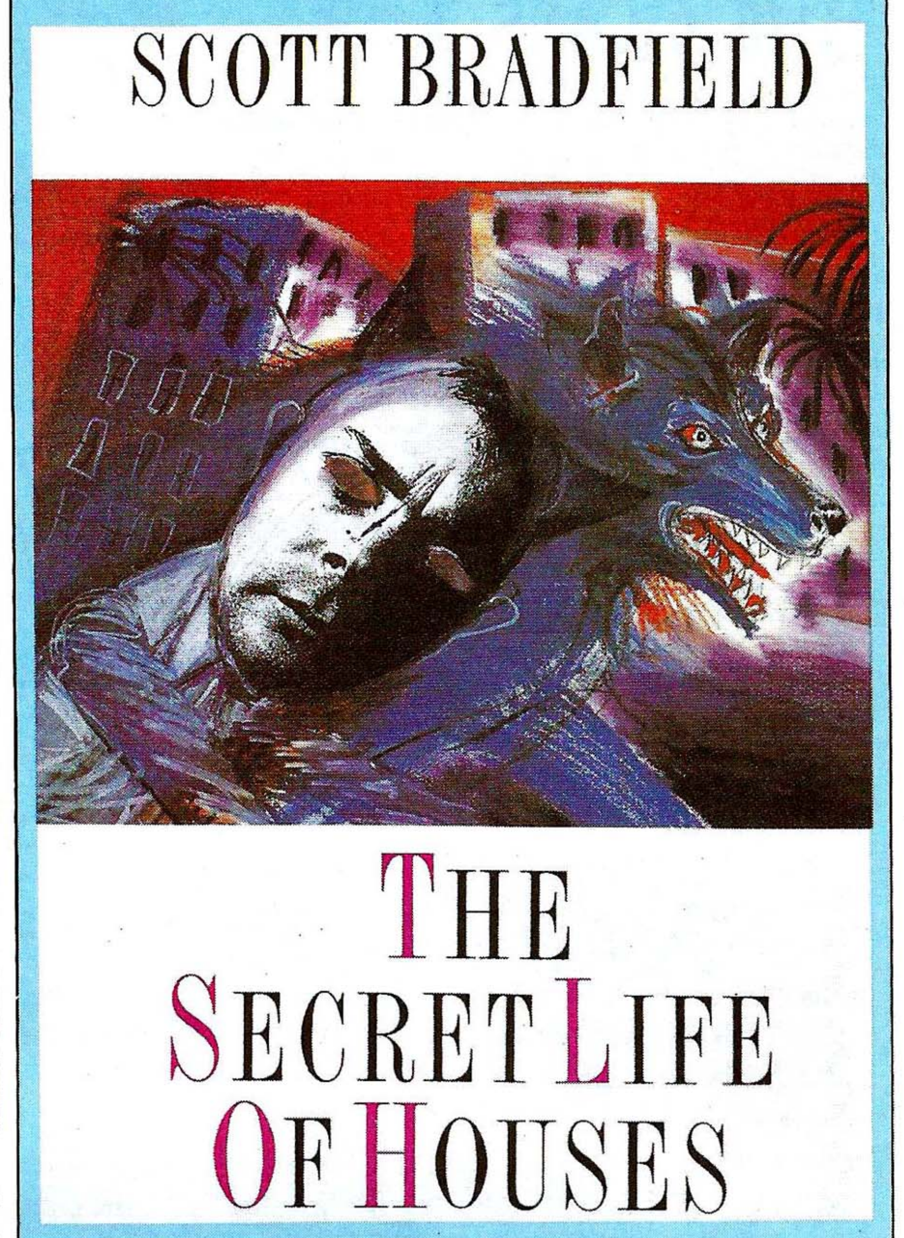
In a totally different vein, there's Stephen King writing as Richard Bachman with ***The Running Man*** *(NEL, £2,99)*. The book on which the film starring Schwarzenegger was based. It's a lot more intelligent than the film, containing significantly more than blood, guts and thunder. The whole thing is shot through with a high moral tone; but don't despair, the action is no less pacy than in the cinema version, it's just that it's less gratuitous.

No horror from King this month, but if it's chills that you want you couldn't do much better than ***Playmates*** *(Arrow, £2,99)* by Andrew Neiderman. A woman and her daughter are travelling across the States to meet up with the old man who's busy pursuing his career. All well and good until her car goes kaput while she's taking a short-cut through Hicksville territory. And wouldn't you know it? She goes to the house where the locos live to try and get help. She gets chained to the bed and terrorized by the homicidal man of the house, his feeble-minded wife and their evil fruitcake of a daughter. Her own little girl doesn't fare much better. Much fright, adrenalin rushes, and nasty tastes in the back of the mouth are just some of the rewards for reading this well-crafted and horribly good psycological thriller.


Andrew Neiderman
Bestselling author of PIN
PLAY-MATES
'ANDREW NEIDERMAN IS A MASTER OF PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLERS'
VIRGINIA ANDREWS

Keith Floyd, unlikely cult hero, cook and man of sometimes unfocused gaze has a lot to answer for. Like: why does he do it? Why can't he earn his living nice and quietly like the rest of us? Fortunately, he's not stuck for words when it comes to his autobiography. ***Floyd In The Soup*** *(Pan, £4,99)*, subtitled My Life And Other Great Escapes, it's the story behind the man behind the myth. In typical Floyd style it chronicles his brilliant rise to mega-fame — and if you want to know anything about that you'll have to read the book for yourselves.

Book Of The Month



The short story is a format which can be mind-bogglingly effective. Californian, Scott Bradfield, is proof of that. I've come across his stories in *Interzone* and been bowled over by them. His writing (stories, essays and reviews) has also appeared in the likes of *Ambit, Omni, The New Statesman, The Listener, City Limits and The Times Educational Supplement.*

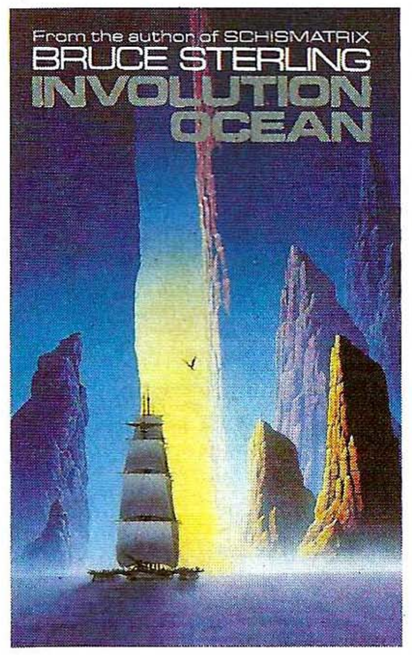
The Secret Life Of Houses *(Unwin Hyman, £11,95)* contains nine short stories, each of which rings true as it deals with the interface between everyday normality and the abyss which exists just beneath the veneer of a civilized world. The Dream Of The Wolf, for instance, is an example of a re-treatment of a classic theme — lycanthropy — which manages to re-assemble hoary old werewolf icons into chilling insights about contemporary culture and the beast which lurks in twentieth century urban man. On top of that it's well written, an engrossing story which entertains as it works its way into your unconscious like some psychic depth-charge!

Not surprisingly, given the current state of the human soul, Bradfield often ends up dwelling on the darker aspects of our secret lives. But humour is never far away. Just take the story of Dazzle a dog with an "extraordinarily good attention span" who was particularly fond of pastry, philosophies of language, and Third World political theory." Dazzles' (mis)adventures work on the joke level and also in wider more poignant terms.

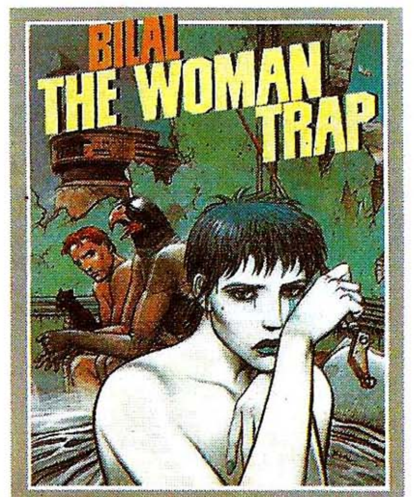
The intelligence and enegry of this collection would, on their own, be enough to stamp the book as brilliant. Bradfield's prowess, his technique and his ability to switch perspectives like a more than competent *Gestalt* schizophrenic raise the whole thing to something even more worthwhile.

Charles Warren

A sea of dust, dust whales, a mind-blowing drug and a winged bat-woman are just a few of the elements in Bruce Sterling's ***Involution Ocean*** *(Legend, £2.50)*. The whales are the source of the drug (now outlawed, hence John Newhouse's presence on-board ship in the first place — he's after a supply) and the bat-woman (for whom physical contact with humans results in blisters, blood poisoning and incredible pain) adds some tortured romantic interest for our hero. Complicating matters is the ostensibly freaked-out Captain who wants to be a scientist. Newhouse finds himself submerged in an hollowed-out whale carcass complete with engines and god-knows-what. Will he get the drugs and get back home to where his friends are waiting to score? Or will something damnable and dark sear his soul, plunging him into nameless torments? A noteworthy piece of science fiction.



In the graphic novel slot this month is Enki Bilal's follow up to *Gods Of Chaos* ***The Woman Trap*** *(Titan, £6.05)*. Set in a near future world and marvellously illustrated, it latches on to the hallucinogenic trip of journalist, Jill Bioskop who tries to chemically blot out the murder of her lover. Weird things converge on her — a man from a different time and the Egyptian god Horus, for instance. Grim and widely acclaimed, kiddies comics it ain't.



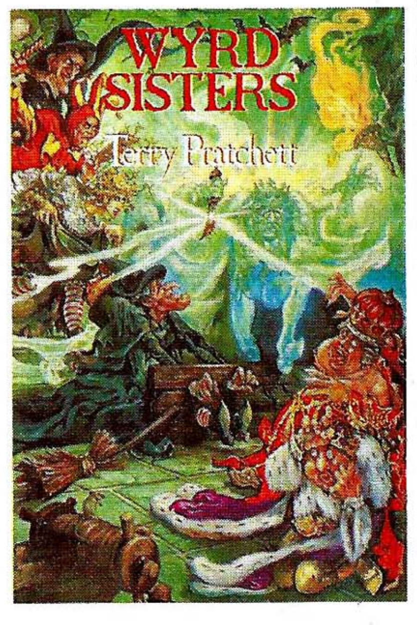
I've never been attracted by the grisly rigmarole surrounding the likes of Dr Crippen. But Emyln William's factually based piece of fiction ***Dr Crippens Diary*** *(Futura, £3,99)* is engrossing to the nth degree. He offers a combination of crime novel, psychological thriller and tragedy in outlining one possible ordering of the facts that lead up to the famous and sensational murder.

On a much lighter note the ***Rothmans Snooker Yearbook 1988-89*** *(Queen Anne Press, £9,95)* collects together the events, venues and reams of information about Britain's fastest growing spectator sport. Janice Hale is the editor of this volume which is an absolutely indispensable reference book for anyone with an interest in the game.

Rupert Thomson's first novel ***Dreams Of Leaving*** *(Black Swan, £4,95)* is exceptionally good. The book starts in a small village in England — New Egypt — which is ruled by the local police under the control of Chief Inspector Peach. No one has ever successfully escaped this village until one father hits upon the idea of putting his son into a wicker basket and floating him down the river.

The baby escapes, is eventually found and named, you guessed it, Moses. Moses grows up unaware of the truth of his past. He lives among seedy friends and surroundings in London, often wondering about his parents and early life. But as he makes plans to search for them, the murderous Inspector Peach is searching for him determined that no one will ever escape the village for good. It's a book which is tragic, ironic, complicated, amusing and inspirational.

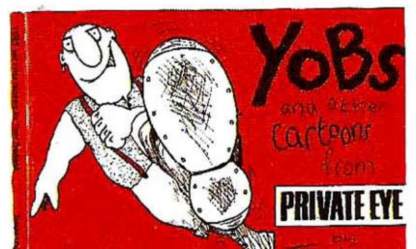
Last, but not least, in this month's column we come to the funnies. Terry Pratchett's sixth Discworld book ***Wyrd Sisters*** is now available as a Gollancz hardbook. It maintains the standards of all the previous books in this series — absurdly funny and sharp with it. Will this quiet, unassuming and increasingly rich ex-civil servant outsell Douglas Adams?



Another long running series is James Robertson's *Any Fool Can Be...* The Latest, in paperback version, is ***Any Fool Can Be A Country Lover*** *(Headline, £2,99)*. From odd trysts with the USAF, through sponsored parachute jumping, arson, romance engineering and the strange affair of the gay Commander, this is a well-told collection of stories about rustic ne're-do-wells and odd-ball happenings among the villagers of a certain West Country hamlet.

A batch of goodies published courtesy of *Private Eye/André Deutsch* hit my desk recently. They're all good stuff and definitely worth a look at. Richard Ingrams and John Wells are represented by ***"Still Going Strong*** *(£2.95)* — a collection of "Dear Bill" letters all signed by someone called Denis Thatcher.

Colemanballs 4 *(£2.50)* edited by Barry Fantoni features gaffs and drivel from the likes of David Coleman, Murray Walker and anyone else capable of opening their mouth and promptly putting their foot in it. There's also ***The Eye Spy Look A Like Book*** *(£2.95)* full of silly snapshots and the like. From Tony Husband there's ***Yobs*** *(£2.50)* which earned him a strip-cartoonist of the year award.



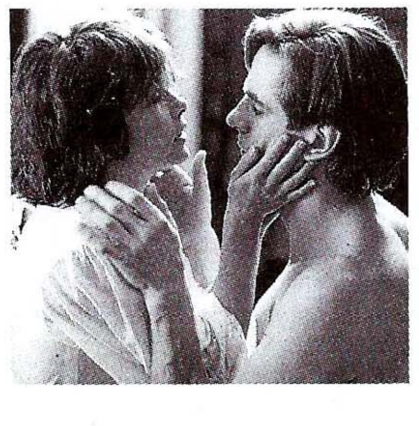
Tony's also got another cartoon book out: ***The Greatest Story Never Told*** *(Corgi, £2.99)*. A re-telling of key events in the Bible in typical Husband style.

Finally, a photo-fun book dedicated to cat lovers everywhere. ***Cat Chat*** *(Arrow, £3.50)* features black and white photos of cats in more situations than the human mind can comfortably cope with, each captioned with a speech bubble. Silly words are courtesy of Spitting Images' John Lloyd, Who Dares Wins' Rory McGrath and others. My favourite is one of a cat apparently trying to take a photo of its balls prior to visiting the vet.!

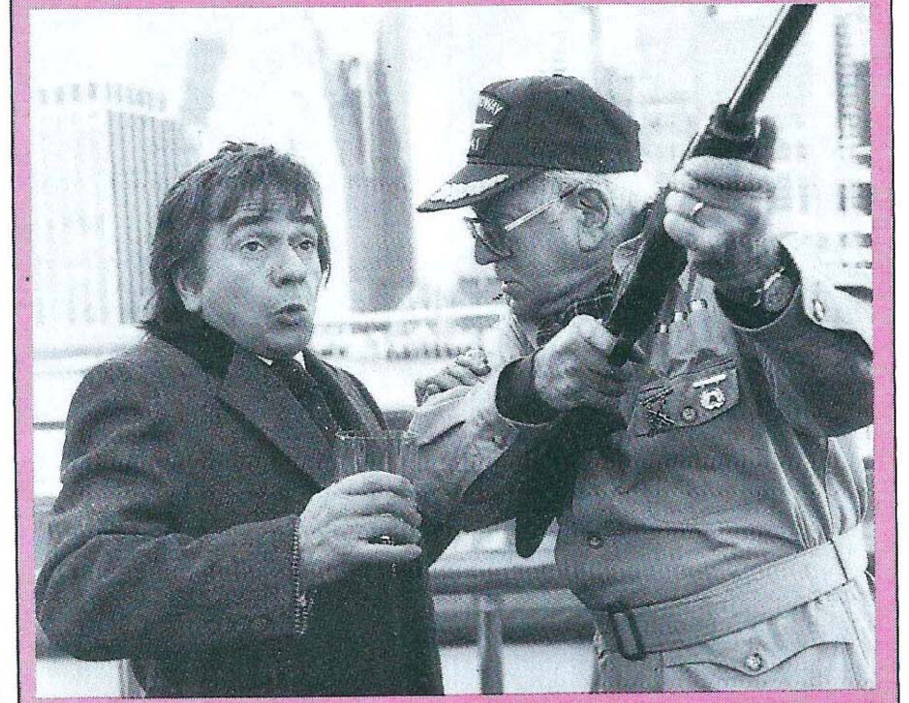
Charles Warren

Movies

The movies of David Cronenberg feel like cold bony fingers stroking the nape of your neck. Then needle-sharp, acid-tipped, fingernails snick deep into your brain. *Videodrome* was a classic of twisted logic. It compelled complete belief as our luckless hero pushed video cassettes into his belly-button and Deborah Harry got reincarnated as a television set. Cronenberg's nightmares aren't sexual fantasies, but sexless ones, like some spoiled priest's loathing of the perishability of the flesh. They're tales of fleshy corruption forcing ghastly transformations on our soul. In ***Dead Ringers*** Jeremy Irons plays twin gynaecologists who have nightmares about being Siamese twins. Their prize patient is a nympho movie star (Genevieve Bujold), who's not only beautiful outside, but unique inside — she's a trifurcate, which means that her uterus has



Movie Of The Month



Woody Allen and Dudley Moore personify two sides of America. Woody is shy, guilty, worried, introverted, intellectual, decent. Dud is the poor little rich boy, lost in the toyshop of life. Woody the premature Rabbi, Dudley the eternal playboy – what deep comedy they'd make together. Oddly enough they could also make sweet music together: Woody on clarinet, Dud on piano.

Dud's latest film is ***Arthur 2: On the Rocks.*** It's the sequel. He's still married to Liza Minelli and they're still living happily ever after. She's managing him, just, by matching him at his own game: compulsive kidology. But along comes the rich bride left waiting at the church by Arthur at the end of Part 1. Her still fuming father sets out to bankrupt the truant bridegroom. Arthur slides down the social scale faster than an arpeggio. Until one stormy night his acerbic ex-butler, Hobson, played by Sir John Gielgud, comes to his aid. "Hobson?" I hear you gasp, "but, in the first film, didn't he die?" Yes, indeed he did, and even the perpetually sloshed Arthur wonders about that. But then, screen ghosts have become less spooky and more friendly of late. *Arthur 2* is not the only film this month in which the dead come forth to help us. Sir John Gielgud is at his most wonderfully waspish and aloofly loving.

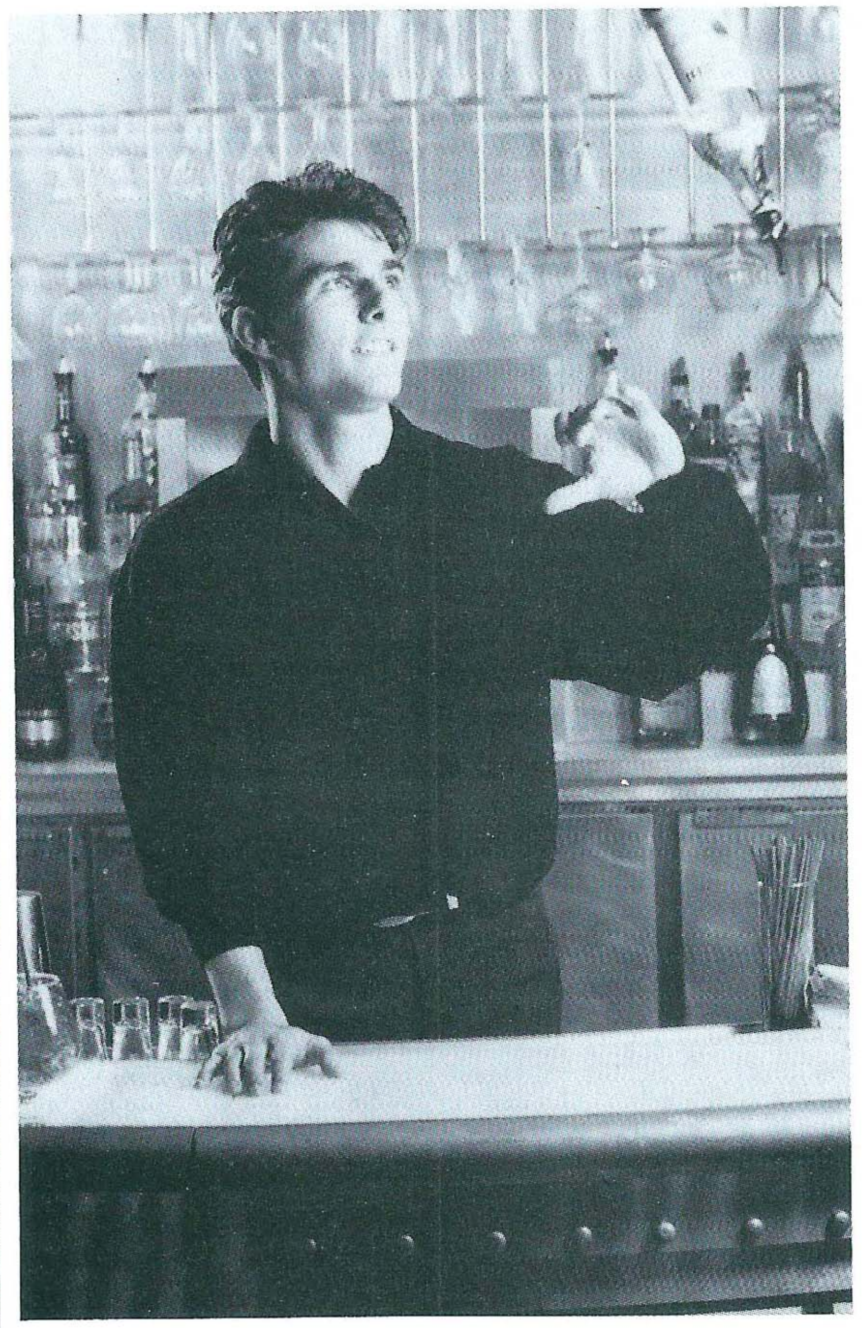
The film deals brightly with Arthur's decline and fall, his flopping as a key-grinder and car-window-washer, and his shambling around as a drunken bum. Liza Minnelli gives the woman's angle much warmth. The wisecracks come in spates, from smart one-liners to softer, situation-sensitive, conversations.

There's gross-out yuck made cuddly by Dudley, tender wifely scolding from Liza, and Gielgud's haughty sarcasm as a snobbish guardian-angel. I particularly liked the bad taste jokes about geriatric sex. Arthur's eighty years old but still raunchy mother hires a male aerobic dancer, to remind her of the good old days by doing physical jerks all round her – ("Let's work those hips in and out and all the way round"). Paul Benedict carries the difficult role of a stuffpot who, having absolutely no sense of humour, kills all Arthur's friendly jokes stone dead. This film should delight and fascinate students of modern manners – especially bad ones.

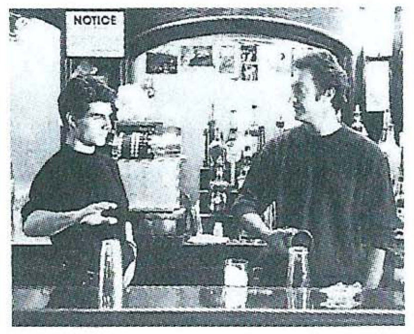
Eddie Hartley

---

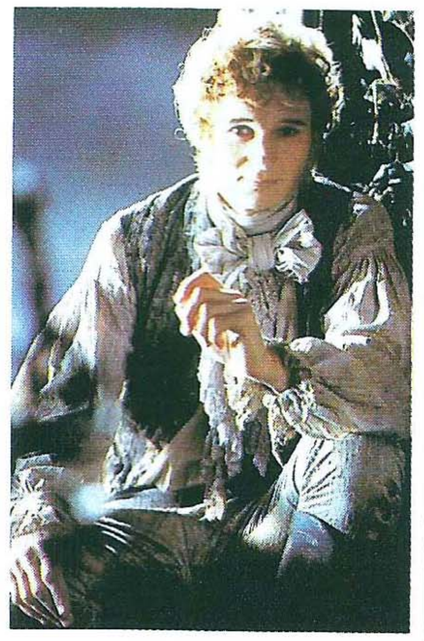
three cervixes. The twins both make love to her, though she thinks they're one lover who's a bit schizo. The inevitable bust-up sends psyches into spasm, and the film into more twists than a copulating anaconda. For most of its length I thought it was working its way towards some XXXX-certificate surgery scene about *Altered States*-type mutants. Just what I was supposed to think, heh-heh-heh. Instead, it tapers away into a rambling tale of drug abuse. Yet, it's got soul, it's spiritually awesome.



Cocktail smartens up the original downer: alcohol. It also develops the latest breed of movie hero: The Yuppiebopper. He's invariably young, brilliant, flashy, ultra-hardworking, rich-living. Often he's Tom Cruise. In *Top Gun* he demonstrated the Yuppiebopper idea of flying a combat plane. In *Cocktail* he performs as Top Bartender. His deadly disco mixes get names like; The Multiple Orgasm, the Death Spasm, the Singapore Sling, the Ding-a-ling, and the Alabama Slammer. You will notice that they rhyme. That is because he not only mixes them but simultaneously sings, disco-go-go-dances, and juggles bottles and shaker. However, all my eyes were on his co-star, Bryan Brown, as his hard-boiled instructor. His cool-aggressive phiz commands respect, and deserves his wise, mean dialogue, including some highly educated cracks about "logical negativism" and "career proletarians". Mostly, this film could make you very thirsty. So don't drive, please leave the Porsche at home.



High Spirits combines alcoholic spirits with the ghostly kind. Peter O'Toole owns an Olde Oirish castle, and quaffs away while fixing up trick hauntings to satisfy rich American tourists. Then the real spooks come out to play. The main apparition consists of the last three minutes, eternally repeated, of a lover murdering his beloved. A true vision of Hell. But as the participants gradually become aware of the living, their routine changes. It's a wonderful bit of metaphysics, which will recommend this movie to lovers of esoteric French film directors like Jacques Rivette. There's much pathos too when the lovely Daryl Hannah ages 200 years in 20 seconds and her initially turned-on human lover makes little polite jokes to avoid giving her a kiss. The castle is splendidly designed, a big star of the film. Which is mostly a light romp, a cross between *An American Werewolf in London* (where monsters also behave quite sociably), and *Local Hero.*



Back to earth with a bump for ***The Dressmaker.*** It's British kitchen-sink at its grittiest. It's based on Beryl Bainbridge's fine novel about war-time Liverpool. A Yank soldier sparks off a soul-fight between three working-class women. Joan Plowright represents the harshly repressive ideas of respectability of those days. Billie Whitelaw speaks up for a human, if rude, realism about sex and men. Jan Horrocks is the specimen of nervous innocence. The period detail is as lovingly done as *Hope and Glory.* It's in the solid tradition of David Puttnam's "First Love" films. It's meritorious in every detail. But its whole is about as thrilling as a genuine wartime chilblain. Why? Because it's really got it in for "Victorian values", and portrays them so negatively that the positive characters (even Billie Whitelaw!) also become cowed and boring.

Maybe *Hope And Glory* saw the war through rose-tinted specs, but it did bring the past alive again. *The Dressmaker* just rakes its bones.

We scrape the social barrel with ***Blue Jeans Cop***. A legal-aid lawyer (Peter Weller) has the job of defending "the scumbags and the jerk-offs and the sex creeps and the rest of the human puke." His true love (Patrice Charbonneau) is the prosecuting attorney, and stinking rich. They make rhapsodic love in her luxury penthouse all night

Video Of The Month

THE UNTOUCHABLES
AL CAPONE

Gremlins in the Knave production machinery have held this one up a trifle, but despite the fact that it is already in your local video library, I think it's still well worth pointing out to irregular renters that ***The Untouchables*** *(CIC)* is unmissable.

Those who remember the old television series will hardly need to be told that The Untouchables was a sobriquet for Elliot Ness and the team of G-men he ran in a campaign to clean up Prohibition-era Chicago. In this movie, director Brian De Palma mixes more fact with his fiction (or at the very least more realism) and concentrates on Ness's fight against the city's most infamous son, Al Capone.

The action opens in 1931, 12 years after "Scarface" has wiped out all effective underworld resistance in the St Valentine's Day Massacre and a period where everyone from beat cops to the Mayor's office is in Capone's pocket. Straight-as-a-die Treasury agent Ness is hamstrung by departmental leaks and can see no way forward until an ageing Irish patrolman, Jimmy Malone, impresses him with a few simple Chicago facts of life: "If (Capone) sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue..."

Ness persuades the too-honest-to-be-promoted copper to join him, and they recruit a rookie Italian fresh from the Academy, while press-ganging a sawn-off timid-looking accountant who has come from Washington convinced that the best way to nail Capone is for income tax evasion. One of the film's endearing features it's its transformation of this pen-pusher into a shotgun-carrying avenger.

The Untouchables is a tough, sometimes gory action-thriller in which the period touches are meticulously observed, the direction very deftly handled indeed and the casting beyond fault. The main protagonists are interestingly compared and contrasted, Kevin Costner offering a quiet, idealistic, not 100 per cent likeable Ness, and a fattened up Robert De Niro portraying the flamboyant and fearsome yet not 100 per cent dislikeable Capone. And that's not to forget Sean Connery carrying off his unlikely casting as the Irish cop well enough to land an Oscar for the performance.

Excellent stuff, but not for the overly squeamish.

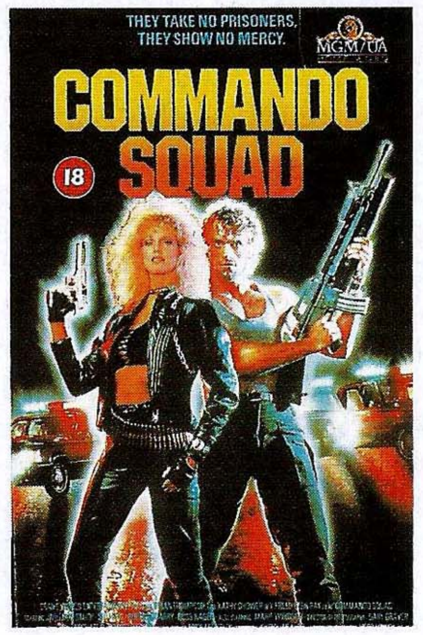
Martyn Lester

but stoop to every dirty trick in their courtroom duels all day. The mental strain is terrible. Patrice Charbonneau is beautiful. It's a Yuppie-bopper picture, plus metal-clanging car chases and a stand-up fist-fight on a roller coaster. Unconvincing, but exuberant.

Eddie Hartley

Videos

There's some catching up to do this month, so here's starting a quick-fire review or two with **Commando Squad** *(MGM/UA)*, which features as its central attraction the lithe and leggy model Kathy Shower, helpfully billed on the sleeve as '1986 Playmate of the Year' to save your expectations of her acting ability being unduly high.



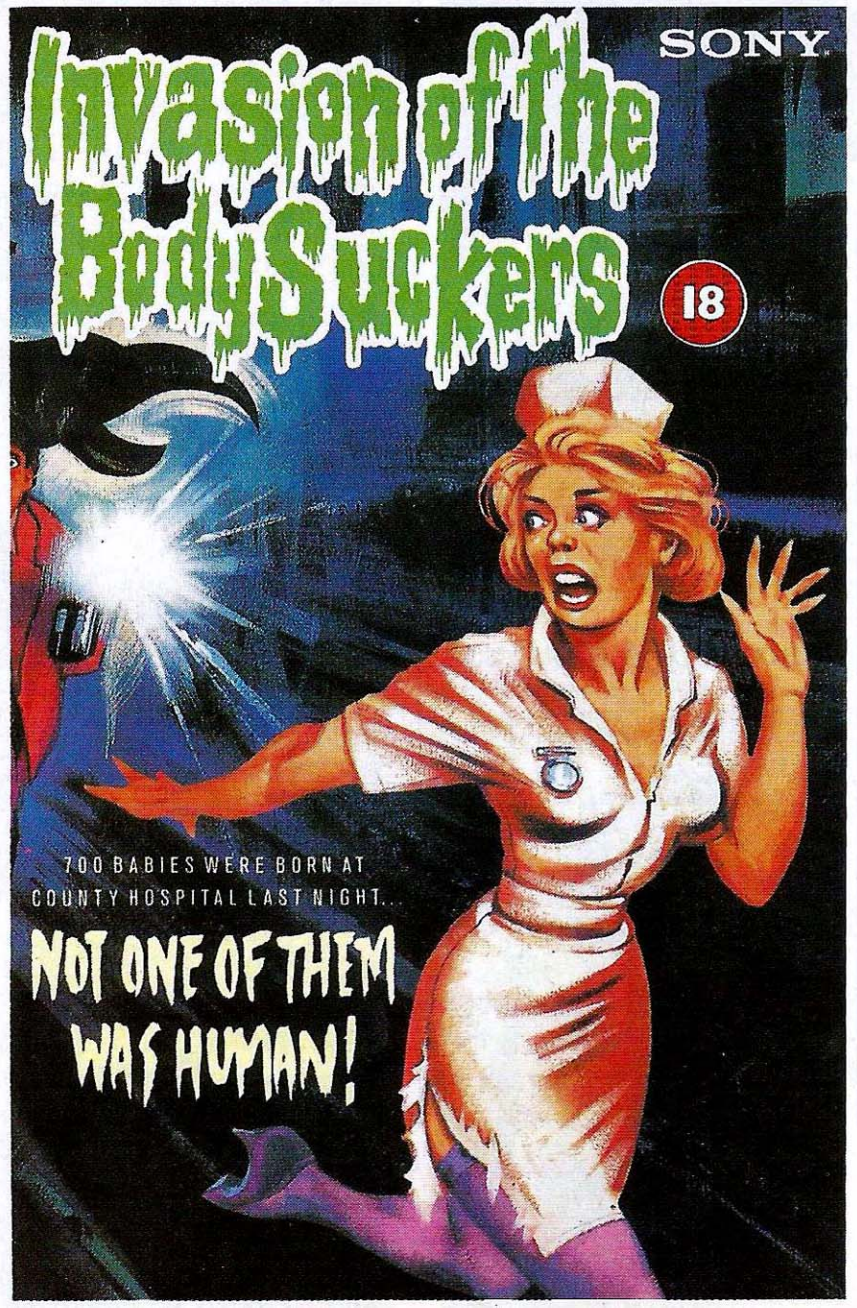
To be fair - and as you might guess from the title - this is not the kind of video that would rely too heavily on the thespian arts in any case, but Ms Shower struts her way through the action quite adequately.

Lest you imagine from the title that *Commando Squad* is some sort of *Dirty Dozen* clone, let's get on with the plot and make clear that this is a cop story - though one set in the unorthodox field of anti-narcotics work. Black-leathered Cat (Shower) opens the movie by shooting it out with a gang of cocaine wholesalers and plans to hang up her Magnum and take an extended vacation. But word comes through that her ex-partner/boyfriend is up shit creek without a paddle down Mexico way. His colleagues have all been rubbed out in the course of hunting out a jungle drugs camp, and he's on the run himself.

It ain't as laid back in the Commando Squad as the guys are in *Miami Vice*. Cat tools up with a fearsome selection of lethal hardware and flies South to make frejitas out of the dope dealers. As one might expect from a Fred Olen Ray film – how many does this guy knock out per year? – this is no great classic, but it's fair fun, with more than enough action to pay its own way.

Much the same sort of verdict might be applied to **Invasion Of The Body Suckers** *(Sony)* – good to see them releasing again – but then the sleeve, in the style of something like a 1960s Hank Janson novel, is certainly not calculated to kid you that it's anything upmarket.

Despite the hugely amusing coverline – '700 babies were born at County Hospital last night. *Not one of them was human!'* – and Sony's own evaluation of the movie as a 'horror spoof', I doubt if it was made in anything but an entirely serious vein. Let's put it this way, at no stage does anyone appear to be playing it for laughs – it's more like wood than ham. Picture *Crossroads* incorporating A Thing From Another Planet, and you should more or less get the picture.



Or perhaps one should think of *The Young Doctors*, since the majority of the action takes place in a smalltown hospital, where we find ourselves by route of a local geriatric Romeo collapsing after pricking his hand on a weird plant which originated on a recently formed volcanic island. Clinic staff – and a police detective who has brought in his bullet-wounded partner – are surprised to see a witchety grub type thingy erupt from the old buffer's mouth, and when it proves impervious to X-rays they slap it under glass and alert the authorities.

To cut a lengthening review short, soon our heroic cop (Steve Railsback from *Helter Skelter* and *Lifeforce*), an obsessive entomologist and a beautiful doctor are battling to rid the subterranean corridors of a reproductive 15-foot-long insect before Washington orders the quarantined hospital and its inhabitants to be incinerated in the name of global safety. Crikey!

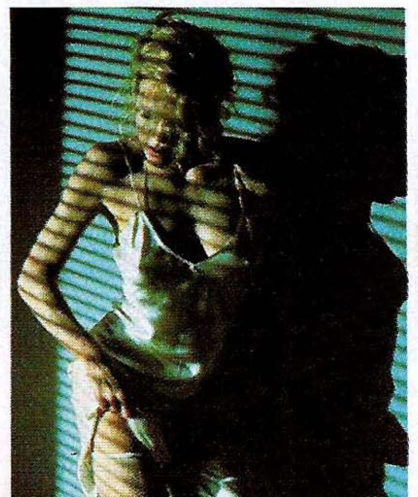
A hybrid of *Them, Alien* and almost any soap you care to name, *Invasion Of The Bodysuckers* kicks off unpromisingly, becomes unintentionally quite funny and finally earns its keep by cutting the dialogue and getting on with some good old Look Out, It's Behind You hokum. One for Saturday night after chucking out time.

Latest news on the sell-through front is that this month *CBS/Fox* releases the popular action title **Commando**, in which muscleman Arnold Schwarzenegger plays killing machine John Matrix, a retired special forces commando who will stop at nothing to save his kidnapped daughter from the bad guys.

Rae Dawn Chong gets some surprisingly good lines as the female lead in this hugely entertaining accretion of explosions and fisticuffs which I enjoyed enough to watch twice on its original release.

This issue we also catch up on *CBS/Fox's* recently sell-through released **Nine 1/2 Weeks** by way of a 25-prize competition – see page six for further details.

Martyn Lester



Record Of The Month

TANITA TIKARAM
ancient heart

Of all the current crop of young, talented female singer-songwriters Tanita Tikaram has got to be up near the top. Her single last year, 'Good Tradition' was an effervescent affair memorable not only for Tanita's vocals but also for the violin contributions of Helen O'Hara. Mind you, having Rod Argent doubling on keyboards and helping out on production with Van Morrison drummer Peter Van Hooke must help.

The single is on **Ancient Heart** *(WEA)*, an LP which shows her aptitude for melody to good effect. Her influences aren't too far beneath the surface – Joni Mitchell, Tom Waits, Cohen, Van Morrison.

All sorts of comparisons have been drawn between her and a variety of other female artistes, such as Tracy Chapman for instance. At times you can read other voices onto hers 'I Love You' and 'Poor Cow' evokes Suzanne Vega in terms of phrasing, vocals, chord structure and arrangement, for instance.

Personally, I find more vocal affinities between Tanita and German singer Ulla Meinecke, but ultimately her style is uniquely her own.

The album is first-rate on all fronts, the mixture of short and longer pieces hang together well. The combination of simple and brooding lyrics add variety. And the musical backing is perfect. Apart from the aforementioned violin, Malcolm Messiter's oboe on 'Twist In My Sobriety' and Mark Isham's trumpet/flügel horn on 'For All These Years' add to the atmosphere tremendously. And as for the bluesy 'He Likes The Sun', music to melt your brains by...

Andy Oldfield

Records

No shake but plenty of **Rattle And Hum** from U2 *(Island)*. A double album of old, new and cover material with a couple of other goodies and some right-on (so buy it, okay) consciousness raising bunged in.

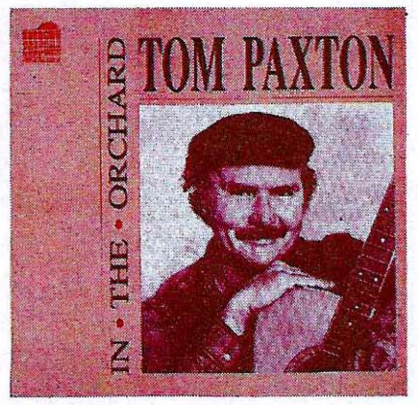
Just like Hendrix they've covered 'All Along The Watchtower', pretty well too – it's my second favourite version of all time. Incidentally, Hendrix, playing his version of 'The Star Spangled Banner' pops up in the intro to the blinding 'Bullet The Blue Sky'. The other notable cover is the Beatle's 'Helter Skelter', stolen back from Charles Manson especially for the occasion, apparently.

U2
RATTLE AND HUM

No great surprises in terms of performance, it's as brilliantly stomping and relentlessly pounding as you'd expect. Bono's voice soaring through space more spectacularly than a shuttle re-entering the earth's atmosphere. Stadiums could have been built with guys like these in mind.

There's a particularly strong live version of 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' complete with Gospel choir courtesy of New Voices Of Freedom. And for the politically aware there's 'Van Diemen's Land', lyrics by The Edge, dedicated to one deported Fenian poet, John Boyle O'Reilly – deported because his poetry was so bad, it says here...

Which brings us onto Tom Paxton, a troubadour I've got a lot of time for. **In The Orchard** *(Sundown)* is a compilation ranging from the immortal *'Bottle Of Wine'* complete with new verses! Through forays into the territory of American gun-law, neutron bomb annihilation (and beyond), middle-east politics and other less vital areas of contemporary life. One man, his guitar and a sense of humour against the modern world. Sort of Tom Lehrer meets Bob Newhart. Toe-tapping, singalong misanthropy of the highest order.



Westworld's first album was pretty good. Their second takes a quantum leap in terms of quality. **Beat Box 'n' Roll** *(RCA)* is infinitely more big hearted and commercial. Steve Levine's production is immaculate and the band's material is that much stronger. The whole sound is more adventurous, refined and polished. Looks like they've got their sights set on a bit of mainstream success. I hope they get it.

WESTWORLD
RCA
A BERTELSMANN MUSIC GROUP COMPANY

Perfect music for a whole bunch of occasions – it's just got to be, one track's called 'Pass The Valium (With Knobs On)' – is Adrian Legg's **Guitars And Other Cathedrals** *(MMC)* which has inputs from loads

ADRIAN LEGG
Guitars and Other Cathedrals

of people who are an integral part of the philosophy and sound of MMC recordings (Rob Argent, Ian Lynn, Peter Van Hooke etc.). It's, well, guitar music and its blissful, nirvanic and rhapsodic – which is to say I like it! You can use it as background music or as something to lie down and really wrap your head around. Brilliant, go pay homage to it, right now.

Ultimate degenerate, fried brains and other goodies? Keith Richards is the

KEITH RICHARDS
Virgin 8/88

ultimate living rock 'n' roll bacchanalian dionysian anti-hero. Can he still speak, let alone sing? Well, the singing – by no means bad – might be better, but he can still hold a guitar to anyone. Surprisingly enough **Talk Is Cheap** *(Virgin)* is is his first solo album, and weirdly apposite. The material covers a lot of ground from Stones out-take stuff to powerful ballads like "Make No Mistake" and "How I Wish". A palpably pleasant experience for all concerned.

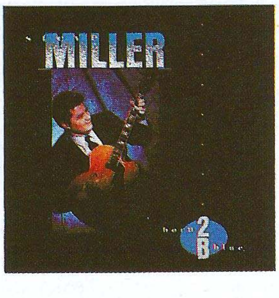
Big Thing *(EMI)* is the latest from the now resignedly three-piece Duran Duran. It's an album which is by turns powerful, rough and sophisticated, encompassing solid anthems and funky dance music. There's a lot of technology behind the music and it's used well. The hard-edged material is especially welcome – idiosyncratic, accessible and bordering on the decidedly dangerous. New dimensions in Duran Duran, no less. Whatever happened to the yachts and ephemeral glamour? I suppose they must have left them behind in Rio. Good job too. Now we can all come out of the closet and own up to actually enjoying a Duran Duran album.

BIG THING
duran

Vangelis is one of those guys who seemingly just hammers out the tunes and keeps on doing it and never puts a foot wrong. His latest goodie **Direct** on the *Arista* label is verification of his talent (if any were needed). Majestic, grandiose, noble, exalted etc. ... adjectives fail my thesaurus.

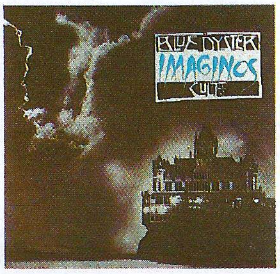
And so to the Blow Monkeys. **Whoops! There Goes The Neighbourhood** *(RCA)* and another thesaurus deficit situation. Painfully honest funk, hyper-intelligent summing up of the UK in the uncaring, selfish bastard 80s. All legitimate targets are firmly smacked in the face, from the share owning utopia of "It Pays To Belong" through "Come On Down" and on to the final track: "Let's Emigrate". Enough said.

It's been nearly two and a half years since Steve Miller last cut an album **Born 2 B Blue** *(Capitol)* demonstrates that his guitar hasn't gone out of tune. It's still smooth enough to make Irish coffee with. His voice is almost as smooth as well. The album's a selection of his favourite songs, played in his own style. Opening track is an unforgettable "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" which encapsulates what this LP's about – a celebration of popular/jazz/blues. Magical.

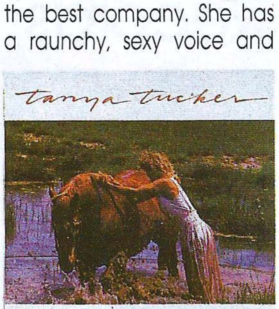


Andy Oldfield

Straight from the kick-off of **Imaginos** *(CBS)*, an enthralling power guitar assault leaves you in no doubt that the Blue Oyster Cult are back in business! It's all of thirteen years since "Agents Of Fortune" hit the airwaves and became *the* song that everyone associates with the band; and they haven't exactly been prolific in recent years. This latest LP, though, should satisfy their fans. The familiar themes of darkness and doom, sin and evil, dominate the album's message – if you could hear what they were singing about you would probably consider them confusingly pretentious! No matter – it's the music that counts with the Cult: guitar riff rock of the highest order. Without doubt the best hard rock album of last year.



A quick mention for two country albums that have escaped previous mention. Tanya Tucker has been around a lot longer than most of the leading ladies of the "New Country" scene, but she proves with **Strong Enough** *(Capitol)* that she can hold her head high in the best company. She has a raunchy, sexy voice and she knows how to find a song to suit it. Classical tear-jerkin' country - well worth a listen.

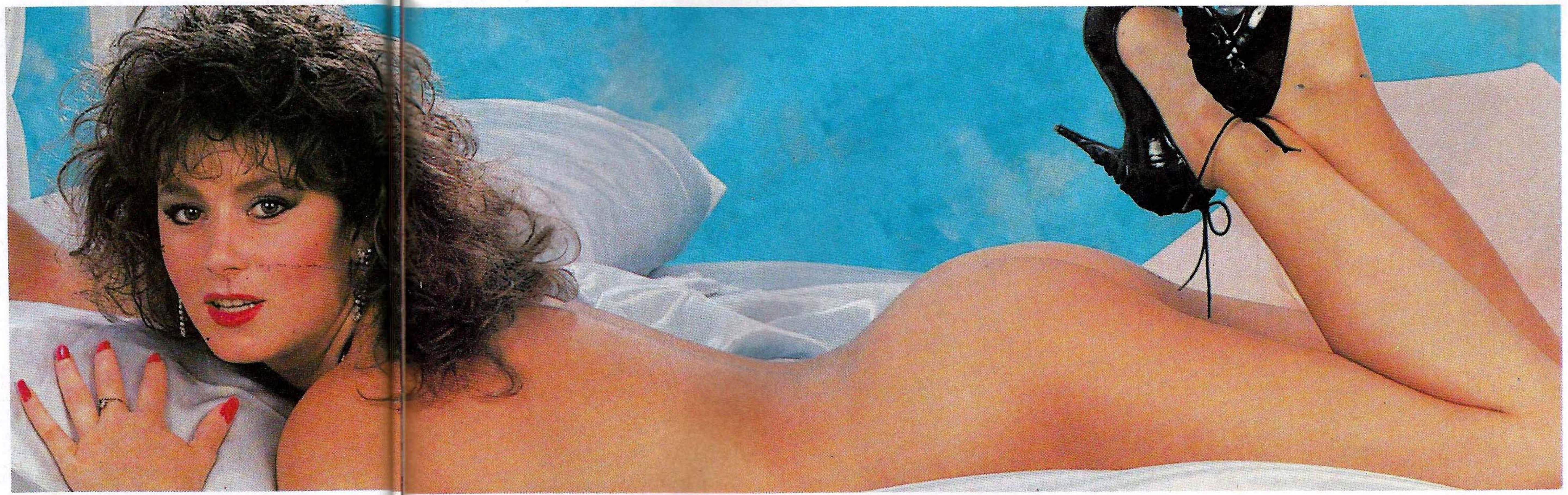


New Grass Revival (remember the country band on the TV series *Tanner '88* last year?) are a traditional bluegrass band who have "modernised" their music. A hard task maybe, but they give it a go; they have a pleasant, undemanding style, with mandolin, fiddle and banjo much in evidence. Their LP **Hold To A Dream** *(Capitol)* breaks no new ground but is enjoyable enough.

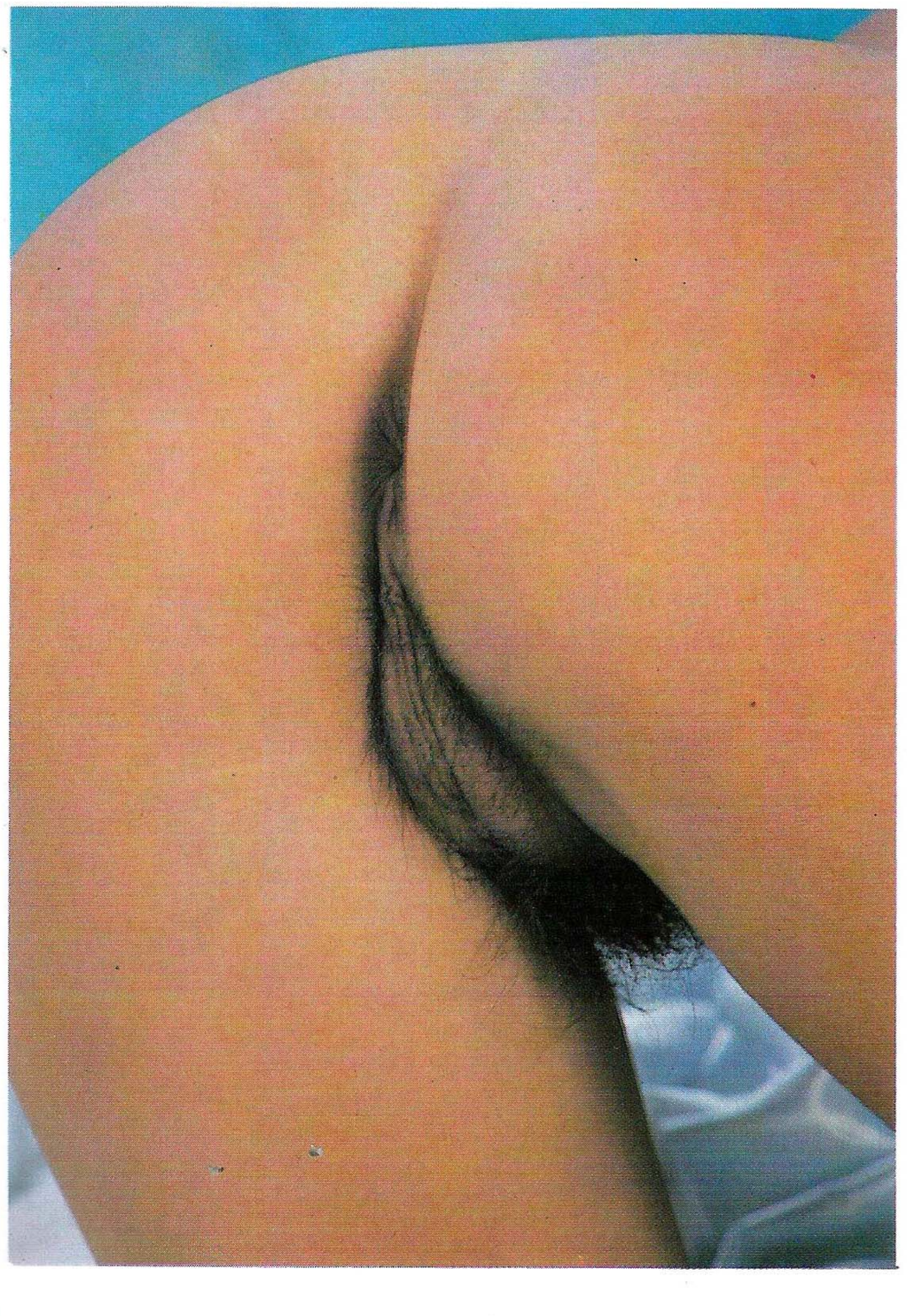
New Grass Revival

Rupert Metcalf

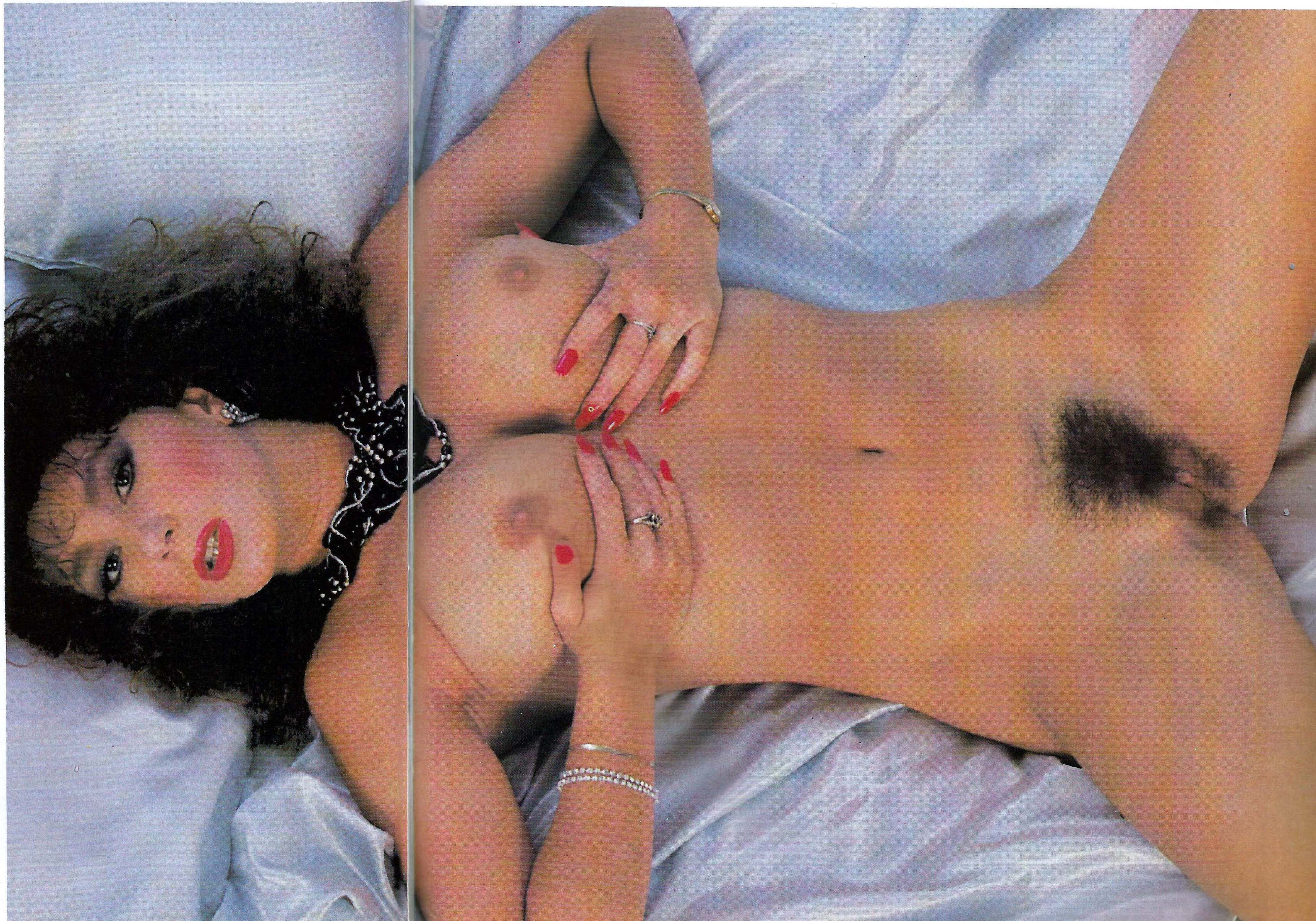
Fiona



My horoscope warned me, but I took not a bit of notice. My biorhythms screamed out for me to take things easy, but I'm an impulsive guy. The I Ching laid it on the line, but I didn't listen. The tarot card reading was the clincher, but I shunned it. The message was clear enough: avoid luscious, pouting brunettes with heavy neckwear flaunting their fulsome chests and buttocks against a turquoise backdrop. I didn't even try. Who could? Suffice to say that I've fallen heavily in lust with Fiona — and my wife is not at all pleased.



Photographed by Glen Morales



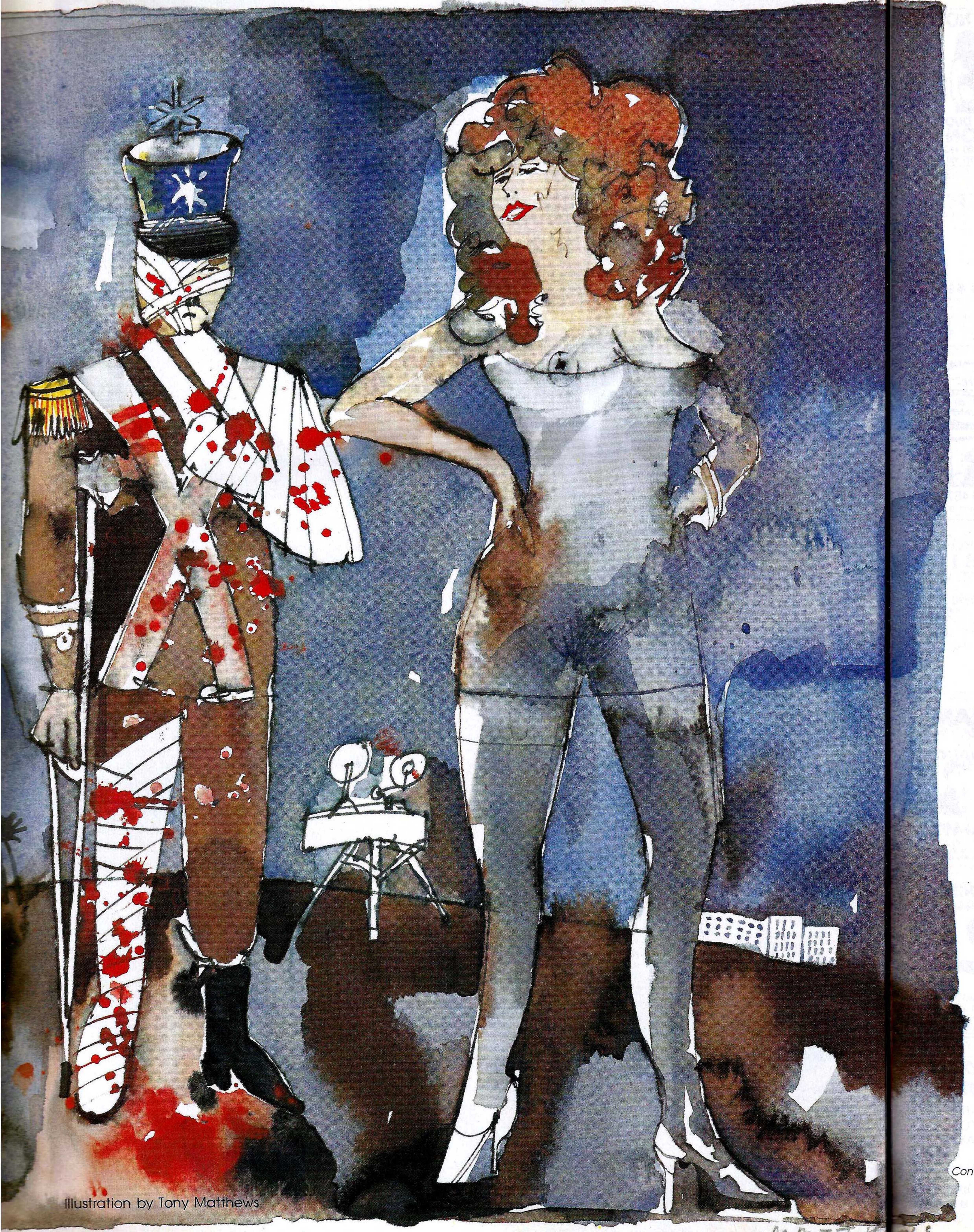


Illustration by Tony Matthews

The Tragic Affair Of Mlle Joliné De Bon

KNAVE FICTION

The French Interplanetary Foreign Legion rules the space lanes. Back on Earth it's the same old passions ruling human behaviour. Eternal triangles, advanced transplant surgery and old grudges add up to a very sticky situation for Mlle Joliné de Bon. Knave fiction by KEN LEARY ...

Continued on page 81

The friendship which existed between Rauol and Jean was deep. Suspiciously deep. Even for active members of the United States of France's Interplanetary Foreign Legion. They trusted each other. They cared for each other. They unselfishly looked out for each other's interests. In short, they were obviously not as other men.

Naturally, people suspected the worst. Even angels could fall from grace, especially when they were cooped up for lengthy periods as guards in deep-space freighters with only assorted male crew members for company.

What, people wondered, would men do in such a situation? The honest man's way of coping with lack of women – self abuse – is all well and good, they argued, but for how long? Hasn't psychiatric science proved the old cliché – inside every normal wanker lurks a potential shirt-lifting, rim-queen? Those who were of a historical frame of mind pointed to the history books and showed what twentieth century submariners had got up to. Men cooped up together were definitely game for suspicion.

The fact that both Rauol and Jean were good looking in a Mediterranean sort of way only served to heighten suspicion. Obviously, they'd been brain scanned by the homosexual special detection group, but they'd both come through with a clean bill of health. Full-blown heterosexuality coursed through every fibre of their being. They were every millimetre as macho as the statute books demanded them to be. Not the slightest hint of an unconscious disposition for dung-punching, not the tiniest trace of a tendency towards turd burglary could be found. Eventually, even the psychiatric police were satisfied that the bonds between the two men were more like those between upright brothers than those between degenerate bum-bandits.

It would have saved everyone concerned a lot of time and effort if they'd just watched the ardour with which both men had tried to win the affections of Mlle Joliné de Bon.

Joliné was one of those women who has everything: brains, grace, wealth, health, beauty, great tits, fantastic arse and a passion pit with muscles that can milk a man until he's delirious.

She was a popular woman, but very choosy. Rauol, she loved with all her heart, soul and body. He was the man she choose to share her bed with. Jean, she considered a total shit. Once at a particularly drunken New Year party, somewhere around 2002 or 2003, Jean had managed to remove her knickers and skirt and had started to caress her clitoris before she realized what was happening.

When she had realized, her reaction was extreme and violent. Fortunately, Jean was rugged, and within a few weeks was walking again, albeit with a unique pattern embossed in the skin just above his left testicle – it was a pattern identical to that which decorated the toe-caps of the pair of shoes which Joliné had been wearing the night of their. . . misunderstanding.

The Tragic Affair Of Mlle Joliné De Bon

continued from page 79

Thereafter, she avoided him whenever possible.

When in the full possession of her faculties she would no more entertain him in her bed than she would think of having sex with an Englishman or a skunk.

Jean had shrugged all this off as a setback and continued to try and bed her at every possibility. He'd vowed to have her, and the vow of a member of the United States of France's Interplanetary Foreign Legion was powerful thing indeed, even more powerful than the kick to the groin which Joliné had treated him to. They both knew the score. Jean plotted and Joliné brushed up on her martial arts skills.

Years rolled past.

The deep-space freighter entered Earth's atmosphere and hurtled majestically through the designated re-entry channels. Its heat shielding glowed as ruby and purple as a young Beaujolais *Crus.* Glorious flares of red, white and blue erupted in its wake like a firework tribute to the Tricolour.

Finally it touched down with pinpoint accuracy under a darkened sky on pad 369 at the spaceport Le Pen which stretched across the Loire valley from Le Mans to Blôis.

Joliné was waiting for her hero to disembark, waiting to welcome him back to Earth. She was dressed in a one-piece outfit that literally looked as though it had been sprayed-on — sprayed on very thinly too, with translucent paint! Underwear would've spoiled the effect, so she hadn't bothered with any. The fullness of her breasts, the roundness of the buttocks and the promise that nestled between her thighs had earned her appreciative stares throughout the entire journey from her luxury suite in the Château la Vallière.

" She would no more entertain him in her bed than she would think of having sex with an Englishman."

She'd considered several lewd ways of welcoming Rauol back, her outfit was only the beginning. In her clasp bag was a tube of fruit flavoured lubricating gell, a his-and-hers personal vibrator and some silk scarves — even in the twenty-first century silk scarves were popular play-things.

She was not alone on the launch site. The medics were waiting too, hundreds of them, and not all of them were gaping at her and adjusting their crotches.

As Joliné approached the pad she could see why there were so many medics, and why their attention wasn't totally on her. In the glare of the arc lights it was obvious that the ship had been under heavy fire. Numerous gaping holes of torn metal peppered the ship's flanks.

The medical teams rushed on board and stretchered out the ship's crew. A senior medic put his hand on her shoulder and tried, but not too hard, to avoid staring at her nipples.

"Rauol?" she said.

"He's alive, he'll be okay, he's in the surgery now. Let me take you home," he broke out in a nervous sweat at the thought. "You can see him tomorrow."

"She slept very badly tortured by worry and an aroused clitoris."

That night she wept into her pillow and slept very badly, tortured by worry and an aroused clitoris which masturbation could hardly begin to satisfy.

She was at the hospital early the following morning. A young nurse led her through the corridors to a private room. Inside, attached to a drip and heavily bandaged lay her Rauol. "Darling," she sighed, "I've been frantic."

"Umghm," he muttered from the depths of his bandaged soul.

Each day for a month she came to visit him, each day he made noises from inside his bandages, until, at last, the day she'd longed for arrived. Joliné strode into his room and was rewarded with the sight of him sitting up in bed smiling, completely bandage free.

"Well," he said after a lingering kiss where their tongues entwined like elvers in an eel trap. "The bones in my face have knitted together just like the doctors promised." He smiled. "Of course, I wasn't worried about my face — our bone replacement technology is the best in the world. What worried me was the skin graft — it's not so easy, they still can't grow artificial skin of a decent standard. Well, it's okay cosmetically, but it never develops the same capacity for feeling. If sensation's what you want, they have to use your own skin — or someone elses. My hand and arm suffered such severe burns, and I attach such importance to ... sensation," he gave her a meaningful look, "that they had to look for donors."

Joliné shivered "thank God they found someone."

"Yes," said Rauol, "I was pleased too. And the skin graft has taken remarkably. My arm and hand are as good as new." He held them up, flexed them, stretched them, relaxed them. Muscles rippled under the skin, veins bulged and settled again.

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The Tragic Affair Of Mlle Joliné De Bon

KNAVE FICTION

continued from page 81

"Good of Jean, really," he said.

"Jean?" spat Joliné.

"Yes, he volunteered to help me. Underwent surgery to remove a layer of skin off his buttocks that they could use to patch me up. A million to one chance that it'd match, but it did. Poor guy must have suffered agony. And now he's only got plasti-skin on his arse — still, who needs to feel much in the butt?"

There was silence. Joliné scowled, her beautiful features distorted by rage. "Jean," she hissed.

"Look I know you don't like the guy much, but you have to admit that he's done us both a favour with this skin business."

Four months later Joliné was only just beginning to get used to Rauol's caresses. The old arm and hand she didn't mind at all, but there was something creepy about the other hand. Imagine, she thought, Jean's skin — his buttocks at that — parting my sex and coaxing me to orgasm. Sometimes she thought that she could see his face laughing and leering at her as though somehow he had managed to have her after all.

For the rest of the year Rauol concentrated on his tongue techniques and brought Joliné to higher and higher sexual peaks. It worked. She seemed to put the distasteful affair out of her mind, either that or she was so occupied with receiving and dispensing orgasm that she didn't have time to think about it.

Rauol didn't bring the subject up, he was content to let sleeping dogs lie.

And all too soon, it was time for the next mission.

Another year passed, and found Joliné *en route* for the spaceport eagerly awaiting the safe return of her lover. The sky erupted like the aurora borealis as the ship re-entered Earth orbit. Several minutes later it was on the pad, overwhelmed by the flashing lights on the medics' vehicles.

Joliné sighed, resignedly, as the stretcher crews dashed in and staggered out again, their stretchers weighed down with the dead, the dying and the merely mutilated. Wistfully, she opened her bag and stared at the tube of fruit flavoured lubricating gel, the his-and-hers personal vibrator and the silk scarves. Perhaps, one day she'd be able to welcome Raoul back to earth in the way she kept planning.

"You're lucky, Mademoiselle," the spaceport PR man said, gazing appreciatively at the ample cleavage which protruded from her low-cut, skin-tight lurex top. "Monsieur Rauol — he is only mutilated."

A glimmer of hope struck her. "His arms?" she said, hopefully, breasts rising in anticipation.

"Both okay," winked the PR man. Totally aware of the double entendre, he stared longingly at her trembling breasts. The sight made him tremble himself. "You can see him in a month."

A month is a long time for a sensual young woman who has been saving herself up for a year. But she waited, fighting the

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The Tragic Affair Of Mlle Joliné De Bon

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hormones which urged her to rush out and avail herself of the services of a young, handsome Frenchman. There was only one young, handsome, Frenchman for her, and she whispered his name as she massaged expensive oils into the folds of her delicate quim, dreaming of the time when he would be able to do it, and much more, for her.

In fact, she didn't have to wait for the whole month. Rauol's amazingly virile constitution plus some recent breakthroughs in French medical science saw to that. When she asked, Raual put it all down to his amazing constitution. He remembered how, last-time. the miracles of modern medicine had almost put Joliné off sex for a while. He didn't want that to happen again. Bloody women, a little bit of replacement surgery and they came over all taciturn. He preferred women to be demonstrative, eager and willing partners. His prick was hungry for sex. He was too.

They left the hospital in each other's company and, it must be admitted, a state of extreme arousal.

"Oh Rauol," breathed Joliné as she pressed against him in the back seat of the auto-taxi which he'd programmed to whisk them to a fabulously expensive Parisian restaurant.

"Yes," he answered.

She pressed herself even tighter against him. He overode the taxi's program and punched in a new set of instructions. The cab swerved off into the moonlit night on its new route. "My place is nearer than yours," said Rauol. "I think we ought to go there. Now!"

> **"Even in the twenty-first century silk scarves were popular play-things."**

In response, Joliné ran her hand along the inside of his thigh. They turned to each other, pressing their lips and bodies against each other. They stared longingly into each other's eyes. And then their lips met. The noise was like the soundtrack of a wild-life video where hippos are filmed rolling in the mud. It was the sort of noise that in certain circumstances can be highly erotic. The circumstances in the back of the cab were just right. Joliné was naked and Rauol had his trousers round his ankles by the time that the cab drew to a halt, automatically turned the interior light on, opened the door and thanked them for using their *Bastille* charge card.

The two of them were too intoxicated by each other's bodies and the promise of the ecstasy to come to be embarrassed at the prospect of stumbling, naked, along the sidewalk to Rauol's apartment.

Once inside, things got heavy, Rauol's remaining clothes were soon discarded. The couple collapsed in a mess of limbs onto the floor cushions. Joliné, rolled onto her back, knees apart and up in the air. Rauol dove between them, his tongue working like an ant-eaters. She writhed with pleasure. His tongue lapped and teased her clitoris.

"It's so good," she panted, "Just like I remember it being." He manouevred his body so that his erect penis could slide into the moist warmth of her mouth. She gobbled, he licked.

> **"The couple collapsed in a mess of limbs onto the floor cushions."**

"You're doing it differently," she gasped, as his cock pumped in and out of her mouth. "Oh, more ... " Her hips bucked as orgasm took her.

No sooner had her spasms subsided, than Rauol positioned himself between her legs and slid his stiff member deep into the well-muscled oily flesh of her vagina.

"And that feels very different," she purred. He thrust and shoved as she rolled her hips and reached round to play with his balls.

Her eyes rolled. "I wouldn't have thought it possible. You were good before. But now! Have you been doing a correspondence course? I just love this new techn ... ique ..." she exploded into orgasm once more. This time Rauol joined her, pumping his seed deep inside her.

"Mmmh," she groaned, "Even your spunk feels different, more urgent, more ... mmmmnh-ahh," another wave of orgasm carried her away.

Spent, drained, they lay on the cushions for a few minutes. Their breathing was heavy and regular. Rauol was the first to move. "Coffee? Cognac?" he asked.

"Cognac, please," she sighed rubbing her breasts contentedly.

Rauol stood-up and walked over to the drinks cabinet. He poured two large Cognac's and carried them back to where Joliné lay. As he walked over to her, moonlight played through the windows and lit his naked body with a steely blue light. Joliné admired his flat stomach, his powerful chest, his firm calfs, his sturdy thighs ... and then she noticed. Just above his left testicle was a pattern embossed in the skin — a pattern identical to that which had decorated the toe-caps of a pair of shoes which had once worn.

The realization came over her. Rauol had needed transplant surgery again, but this time he hadn't told her. She could understand that — but it didn't really help.

She was aware of the sperm inside her struggling to reach her womb and fertilize an ovum. She felt sick inside. She closed her eyes in defeat, her ears ringing with a voice from long ago. A man swearing an oath to have his way with her. Defeat was a bitter pill to swallow.

AMATEUR MODEL of the MONTH

☆ ☆ ☆

Introducing the Knave 'Search For A Star' – the 1989 Amateur Model Competition! The lovely lady you see here is our Amateur Model for this month – selected from amongst the many snap shots of hopeful models sent to Knave! Right now we're looking for our 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year – with a £750 prize for the lucky winner! Find out more on the last page of this feature...

☆ ☆ ☆

Margaret Kennedy

Photographed by Nick Gurgul

KODAK EPR 6017
EPR 16
EPR 17
EPR 18

This month's Amateur Model, Margaret Kennedy, is a resident of a small village on the edge of The Forest of Bowland — a part of the country that's as romantically wild and ruggedly beautiful as the Editor of this magazine. *(Shome mistake...? Ed.)* Margaret's favourite fantasy has nothing to do with making love in the local *Habitat* store which is a pity, because that would've lent itself quite nicely to a torrid little blurb tenuously linking eroticism with the rather fine woodwork assembled especially for Margaret's modelling debut. On the other hand, there's nothing tenuous about the link between the erotic and Margaret's obvious sex appeal. It certainly doesn't need any words from the blurb department!

AMATEUR MODELS!

WIN £750!

THE KNAVE 'SEARCH FOR A STAR' 1989!

Wanted – the 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year! No experience necessary! We're looking for a girl who has not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine to be the cover girl of the 1989 Knave Amateur Model Special Issue! Send us three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. The competition closes on July 1, 1989, when we will be selecting from amongst the entrants the winner of the 1989 Amateur Model Competition!

The winner will receive a tempting top prize of £750, and will be our guest at our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the lucky winner look her best!

The night before the photo session at our studio, our lucky winner and her husband or boyfriend will enjoy dinner, bed and breakfast at a top local hotel. Also, the lucky photographer who sends in the snapshots of our Competition Winner/Amateur Model Special cover girl will win a top quality Minolta 35mm. camera!

As we've mentioned, the Competition Winner will be the cover girl of the third Knave Amateur Model Special Issue, to be published in November 1989, and will appear in the centre-pages photo set in the Special. We'll also be selecting an unlimited number of second prize winners in this year's Amateur Model Competition, who will all be invited to our studio for modelling sessions for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave! They will all receive a modelling fee of £200; and whoever sends in their photographs will receive a fee of £25.

There's more! We'll be choosing some third prize winners too! We will also be publishing in the Amateur Model Special a selection of the photographs sent in for our Amateur Model Competition – so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave – and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

Remember – the Competition closes on July 1, 1989 – so grab a camera and get snapping! A career in glamour modelling could begin right here!

To: Knave A.M.C., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Signature ....

Date photos taken ....

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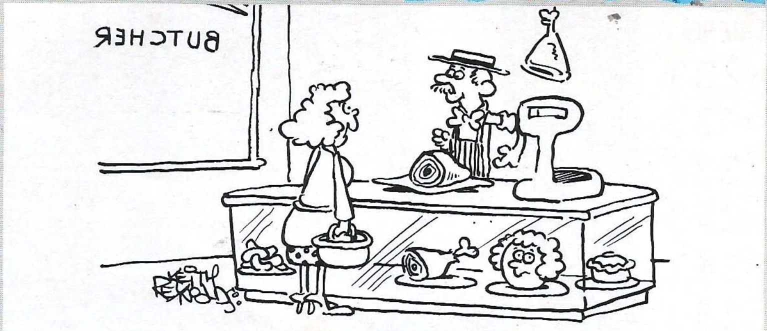

"How's the wife keeping these days, Mr Baggins?"

about our kinky experiences, which took place in the warehouse. Taking a stroll down memory lane creates visions of past antics. I snicker to myself as I remember them. Which reminds me its been ages since I've acted out any fantasies. Actually, most of my fantasies have been fulfilled — all but one that is. I've always wanted to make mad, passionate love with Rob while we're dancing. Our anniversary party is the answer to my dreams.

Rob took today off work to help me prepare the warehouse for tonights's party. The warehouse has no electricity, so for lights we use old-fashioned oil lamps; to power the sound system we use a generator. The tables are made of saw horses and plywood. The "fridge" is a horse trough filled, to the brim, with ice, and, of course, beer! Finally, after working flat out for twelve hours the warehouse is ready for our party.

As our guests arrive they comment on the strong cedary scent which is oozing from the warehouse's walls. After all our guests have arrived Rob cranks up the stereo; the floorboards creak, and the log beams groan from the music's vibration. A good ole rock-a-billy song fills the air; Rob wisks me off my feet and whirls me around the warehouse.

> "His cock's so thick and stiff I can barely squeeze it into my mouth."

The chemistry between us is so electricfying it could light up New York City. I look around me and I see images of Rob; images of Rob are everywhere. I undress him with my hungry eyes. Instead of seeing him dancing in his business suit I fantasize him dancing in his birthday suit wearing nothing but a sheepish grin.

When our bodies touch I can feel Rob's hard-on urgently pressing against my wild and wet pussy. As we're gyrating around the warehouse someone puts on the soundtrack to the movie "Dirty Dancing." Rob breaks into his Tarzan twist.

As I'm singing my hands wander, wander all over my body, and come to rest on my love triangle — cunt. Rob licks his lips in anticipation. He throws back his head and gives a wistful, wolfish, howl. Nonchalantly, I saunter towards Rob and lift up my dress so he can get a glimpse of the succulent, pungent, pussy juice which trickles between my legs. The smell of raw sex secretes from my glands and spews into the air creating an aroma beyond anyone's imagination.

Rob's working himself into a frantic frenzy, and I've got eyes, hungry eyes only for him. Beads of sweat gather on his forehead and drip down his chest. Rob's matted chest hair pokes through his shirt; I've this terrible urge to grab a fistful of it. My hands shoot out, but I end up clutching a handful of air. A smile spreads across Rob's face and he stays just out of reach, but not for long. My hips slowly swing; I bend over, a little bit, so Rob can see I'm wearing his favourite garter belt. His curiosity overwhelms his caution, and he creeps a little closer. With lightning speed I reach for his shirt; however, Rob begins to pull away. I hang on, for dear life, and a few of his shirt's buttons pop off. Rob pulls harder, so do I. By now, we're engaged in an all out tug-of-war. Our friends surround us and cheer us on. Fuelled by their cheers and my horniness I make one last stand. Summoning all my strength I increase my hold on Rob's collar, yank my hands apart, and rip Rob's shirt in half.

His tattered shirt dangles from his broad shoulders as Rob stares at me in disbelief and amazement. Our friends clap their hands and shout, with glee, "more, more, more." Rob declares he'll fuck the living daylight out of me. I stick out my tongue and say in a taunting voice, "but first you have to catch me." The chase is on!

Rob chases me around and around the warehouse until I begin to feel dizzy. I lose my balance, trip on a loose floorboard, and go into a headlong dive; however, Rob catches me in the nick of time. He pins me to the floor and fiercely kisses me. Rob's frantically pulling my dress up, and I'm loving it. Suddenly, I let out a shrill screech, which startles everyone including Rob. For a fraction of a second, Rob relaxes his grip, and I take off like a shot. After running aimlessly for what seems like an eternity we both start slowing down, so we kiss, make up, and resume our cheek to cheek dancing.

Just then the sensual song "Do You Love Me" from the soundtrack "Dirty Dancing" explodes from the stereo, and shakes the warehouse's foundation. As The Contours croon,

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I rub my cunt against Rob's cock, and he shouts "Yes I like it like this," and I reply, "tell me, tell me..."

I drop to my knees, and release Rob's rod from its prison.

His cock's so thick and stiff I can barely squeeze it into my mouth. As I'm gorging on his prick I cuddle his come-filled balls in my hand. Rob withers with pleasure, and pumps his cock in and out of my obliging mouth. I stuff more and more of his cock into my mouth until it really chokes me. I want him to come so badly, but he pulls back.

Rob takes offf his elegant dinner jacket and places it on the floor; then he gently picks me up and cermoniously deposits me on top of it. Rob gradually removes my clothing and neatly folds each piece up. When I'm totally naked he gazes at me with hound-looking eyes, hungry eyes. Taking his sweet time, Rob leisurely mounts me, and then he fucks the living daylight out of me. — *Linda, Canada.*

Phweh! Anymore and our readers might be overwhelmed. Have this month's £50 prize.

The Price Is Right

I bought Knave Vol. 20 No. 10 the other day. I was getting fed up with Fiesta and Club International.

The picture of Daisy alone fully justified the switch. I've no intention of switching back to inferior material. More please! — *B.R., Gwent.*

Antipodean Antics

I have my husband's consent to put out to other men as often as I like, and since I love to be fucked by a variety of men, I take advantage of the situation as often as I can. I have a nice figure, 34-25-35, and long, nicely shaped legs that assure me of all the cock I want. I love to prick tease in public and show off what I have to offer.

Recently my husband informed me that he had a business meeting with some men at a cocktail lounge, and he wanted me to join them. The lounge was at one of the leading hotels. Dave asked me to dress in a sexy manner. I wore a black wrap around dress, black garter belt, stockings, white bikini panties and no brassiere.

There were five men present. We sat at a table in a quiet corner. The men were all in their mid-thirties, well dressed and quite pleasant. A few minutes after we were served our drinks. I wasn't really paying attention when a tall, slender glass of white liquid was placed in front of me, I was tied up in a conversation with the man to my right. It wasn't until I raised the glass to my lips that I discovered it was filled with spunk! I took the first sip and held it to savour the taste. It had been raised to body temperature.

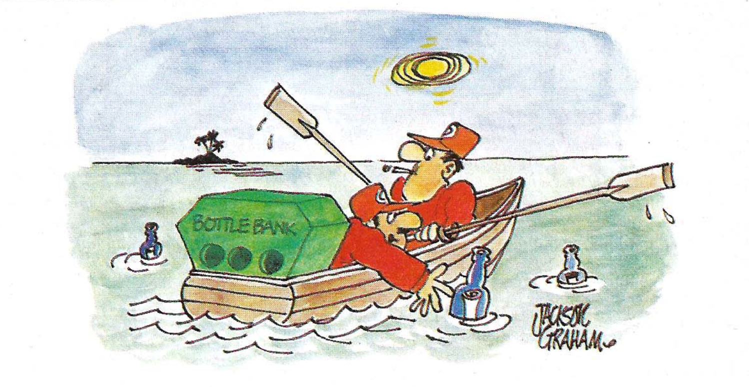
The conversation went on as though they weren't aware of what I was drinking. With each sip I was getting more and more turned on. When I finished my "drink" my husband pulled me to my feet and led me to a room, with the men following. Dave stepped behind me and turned me to face the men. He reached around me, opened my belt and pulled my dress open. He whispered in my ear that the five men promised to fuck me all night.

"I was so filled up with jazz I could feel it was running out of my cunt."

Dave eased my dress off, then very slowly pulled my panties down. He lay me back on the bed, spread my legs wide apart, then moved away from me. I lay there watching the men undress. I saw five beautiful, hard cocks ready for me, I later learned they ranged from eight to ten inches. I slipped my hand between my legs and felt myself up. My pussy was open and dripping wet.

The men hovered over me, stroking their pricks over my face, my tits and legs. They each took a turn flicking the head of their cocks across my nipples, something that really turns me on! I tried to get a cock in my mouth, but they wouldn't let me.

After a few minutes a man lay down on each side of me and started sucking my tits. A third moved down to lick my pussy and the other two



"Bleedin' castaways, littering the place with bottles!"

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WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Hot from her whistle-stop tour of Middle-Eastern brothels and sexologists conventions, our resident lady of the couch, the highly-respected and over-paid BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, continues with her soul-gladdening and wallet-fattening mission to bring sexual fulfillment to the ordinary people. Problems, problems – everyone's got 'em and don't you like to talk about it? Save the sob stories for the ubiquitous Ms. Noire – we're all off down the pub!

Q: Sometimes I've discovered that my husband has been masturbating in the lounge whilst I've been in the bathroom, or the bedroom, getting ready for the night. I'm not sure how to handle this, and feel confused, because our sex life has been good, and if he needs more, he's never told me about it. — M.W., (Whetstone).

A: Although the two of you should have a discussion, to make sure he thinks your sex life is as good as you say (could he want you to be more assertive? You should find out these things, pet) remember that masturbating is just another way of enjoying oneself – privately. Just you, your parts and your imagination. Nice. It doesn't always replace intercourse, it's just a good addition. And because, let's face it, nobody quite knows how to please you better than you, the climax is often a lot more intense. (See for yourself!) And no fighting over who sleeps in the wet spot. Or who takes the pill or wears the condom. The problem does make me curious about how well you two talk things out, though. Approach him (NOT accusingly!) and listen.

Q: I've got a real problem and it's ruining my sex-life! Years ago, I had a lover who was the best woman I ever had! My climaxes were shattering! The problem is, I'm with someone else now, who I love very much, but sometimes when I come (she isn't as good) I say the wrong name! Obviously I can't help it, but my present girlfriend is getting furious. What do I do? — J.K., (Poole).

A: I can see why, Mr Tactful! You're giving new meaning to the term, 'giving head' – creating grief out of what you can't get out of yours. You can control it, first of all. Start by figuring out just why and how your former was so much better than your latter. Sheer technique? Smarten up your sex life, now! Which means showing this one what excites you. If it was a matter of certain personality traits, I'm sure your present lady has other ones, just as good, or better. Concentrate on those aspects, and I mean hard. Cement in your mind those things which excite the hell out of you – if she doesn't have any, what are you doing with her? The point is, you've got to replace one fantasy with another, and only reinforcement will do it. Use it. You're also glamorizing and romancticizing someone else out of proportion. Lose it.

Q: Is it possible to have been transmitted a sexual disease if no symptoms have shown up? It's been a few months. — F.G., (Hants).

A: And now it's a few more. Of course it's possible! In a word: move it! (Make that two words!) Get over to your GP the moment you've come to the end of this paragraph. I'm not inviting hysteria – I am telling you to find out once and for all, so if there's a worry, you haven't made things worse. Where WERE you when sex education was being taught – smoking in the boys' loo?

Q: My girlfriend and I love to experiment with different positions in bed and out, but when it comes down to it, I prefer to be on top, and she prefers to be on top! What's the solution? — W.A.,(Glasgow).

A: There's no position I know of where both of you are going to be equally happy, all of the time. If any of you darlings know of one (and by now, I can humbly say I know most of them), pass it on at once! I mean, this is a joke, right? Each of you prefers the position where you can get a stronger climax. Enjoying the other partner's pleasure is important too. Urgency, timing (and generosity) all play a role. What else to do but compromise? If you're ready to burst, you get it out of your system, then switch positions to give her time for hers, and you have the chance for a second while you're to give her time for hers, and you have the chance for a second while you're recuperating as a reward. Next time, her first – then she concentrates on you. If that's a problem, you'll have to find another partner who can guarantee simultaneous orgasms whilst swinging from the chandelier. Good luck, and send me her name. We'll put it up in neon lights. (Since when has the Fiesta editor moved to Glasgow?)

Q: I know that it's natural to fantasise when you're alone – but what if you're making love to someone else? Shouldn't she be enough? I occasionally imagine that she's one of any number of ladies... (R.V., Gwent)

A: The operative word here is 'occasionally'. I'm assuming that the 'she' in your life is – well, the she in your life. If you continually pictured a different face from every woman you had sex with, including the one-offs, then I'd begin to wonder. Love the one you're with, if you'll forgive the cliche. And I'd also want to ask a few questions if you never got aroused with your one-and-only ***without*** *thinking of someone else. But that's not what you're on about. Fantasies are fun with and without someone. It's natural for your mind to drift off, now and then, to a pretty face you saw earlier in the week, or pretending she's the Prime Minister (if that's what thrills you), remembrances of delicacies past, whatever... you can't programme yourself like the evening's TV viewing. It's always open to possibilities, certainly before the rest of you is... more news: she's probably slipping off into the occasional reverie while you're slipping in, too. Just as long as you reconnect... you might try sharing some of those fantasies. (But be smart – don't tell her she's 'occasionally' her best friend!)*

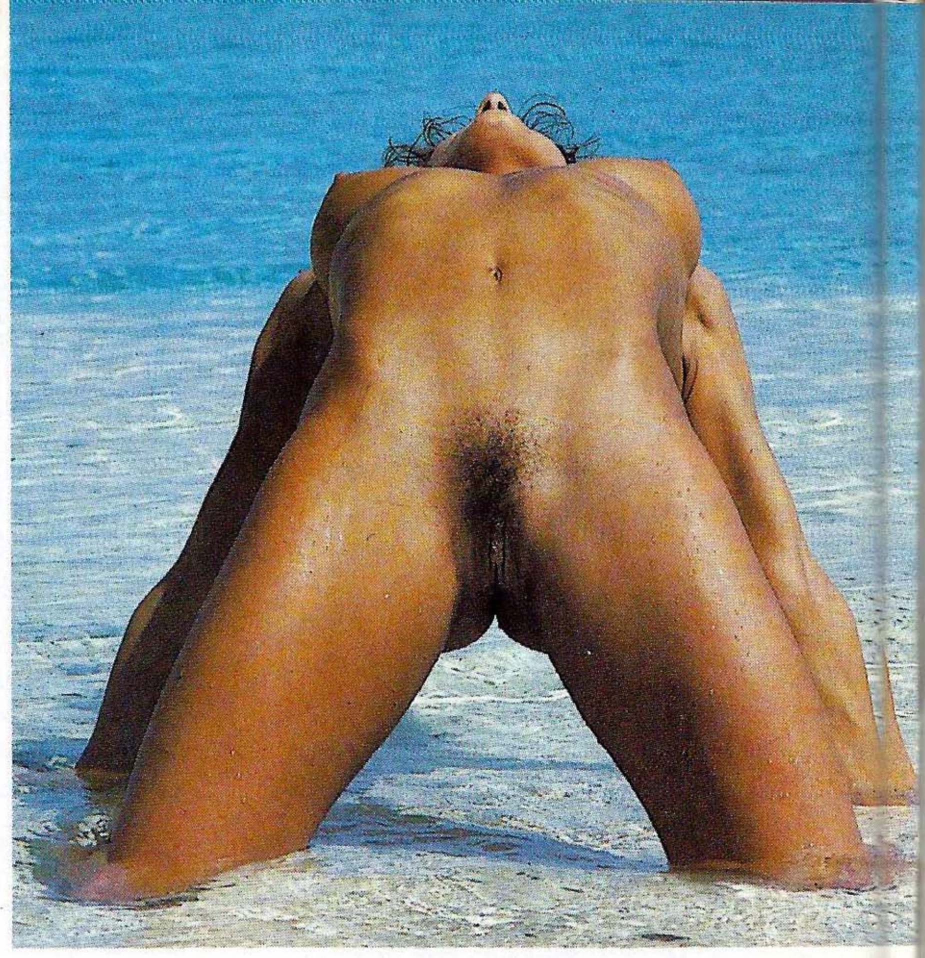
Q: I suppose I've spent too many years keeping quiet in bed because where we were living, the walls were so thin you could hear the neighbours blink! Anyway, now that we've moved, I can relax – but nothing comes out! I end up feeling foolish. Any suggestions? — *T.R., (Belfast).*

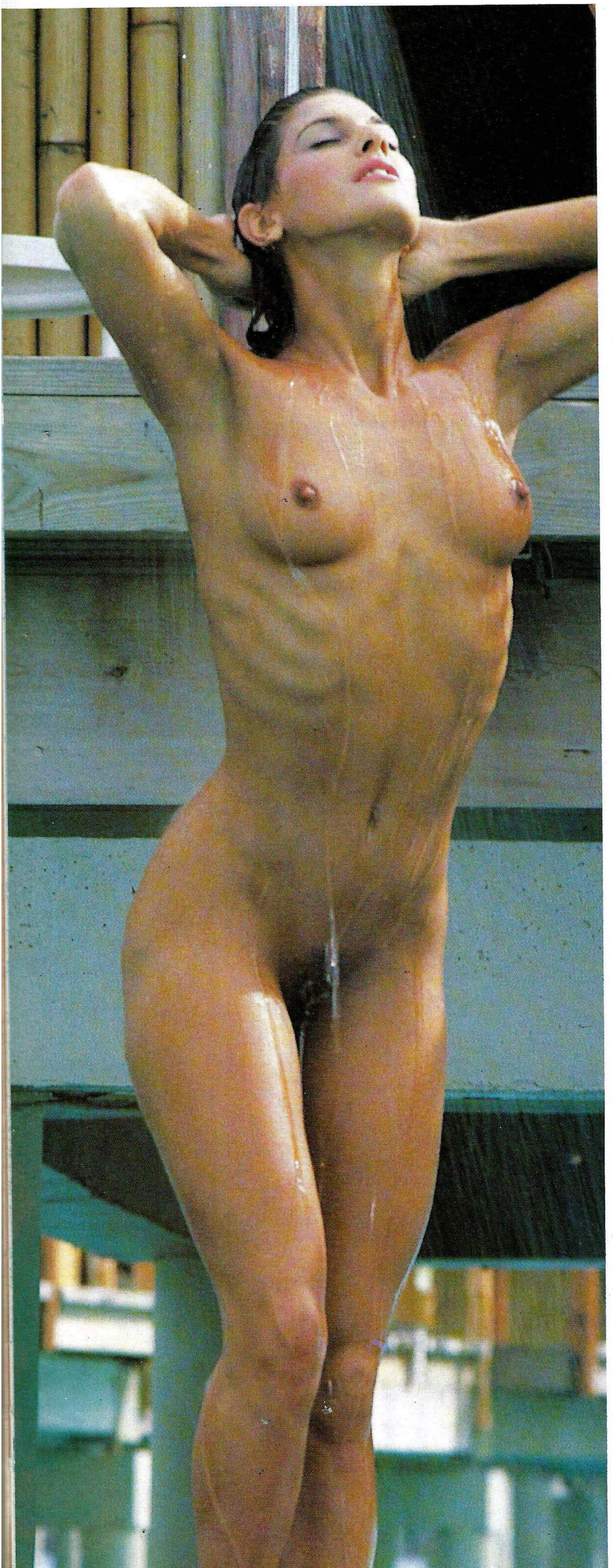
A: You shouldn't talk when your mouth is full, anyway. If it isn't, maybe you should forget concentrating on a goal like that – time will take care of things, if you were a natural howler ***before*** *you lived in tissue-wall town. A few sighs of pleasure, then perhaps a brief moan, a phrase of appreciation, then later an exclamation, then... the point? Only what feels normal, otherwise it sounds ludicrous. It's good that you want your responses back-- silence in bed can be close to necrophilia! Just give it time, you could ask her to apply a few fingernails – on your back.*

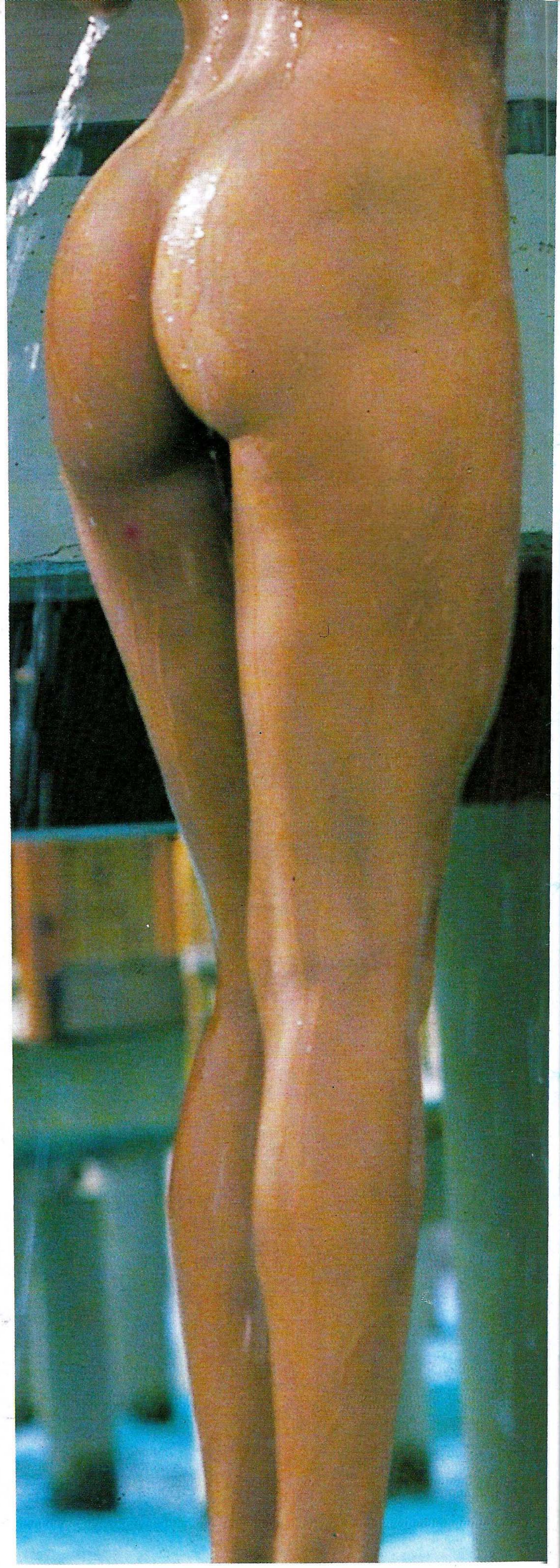
Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

BIBI

There's something very special and sensual about the summer seashore. Imagine it now. Warm sea-breezes caressing your skin. Sunlight playing off the ocean. Heat reflected from the sand. The freshness of the air — it's invigorating and intoxicating. Now picture a sylph-like vision... you've got it, it's Bibi. The personification of heady beach reveries — a veritable Venus for wet dreams.







Photographed by Eric Lowenberg

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stroked their cocks over my face. This time they let me take a cock in my mouth. My husband was moving around the room with a camera, taking pictures of the men playing with me.

They played musical chairs until I had given each man a short blow job, each had sucked my tits, felt me up and ate me. Two men drew my legs up and spread them wide apart. A third man knelt between my legs and I thought at last I was going to be fucked. Instead he kept rubbing the head of his cock over my cunt.My husband told me they wanted to show me a different version of prick teasing.

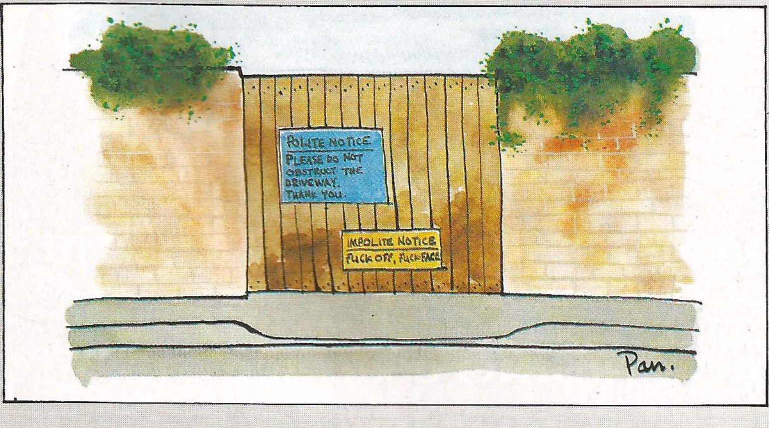
"He whispered in my ear that the five men promised to fuck me all night long."

Each man took his turn teasing me. I was so hot I was screaming at them to fuck me. Dave told the men they could have anything they wanted from me. Then the man with the biggest cock was kneeling between my legs. All of a sudden the man lunged at me and drove his cock all the way up my cunt. I started coming the instant he entered me. I threw my legs around the guy and he started to fuck me as hard as he could.

He had me in just the right position for the head of his cock to slam against my cervix on each thrust. I went into a series of short, violent orgasms. My naked body was writhing beneath him. I was fucking myself on his cock more than he was giving it to me. I kept looking around at the men waiting their turns to screw me. After he shot his load in me he pulled his cock out of my cunt and moved up to smear the jazz and pussy juices all over my face and tits while the next man mounted me.

The second man rolled me over on top of him and lay back letting me fuck myself on his cock. I would rock forward until only the head of his cock was still inside of me, then rear back as hard as I could to take him all the way. My hard nipples were raking across his chest. He shot his load up my pussy. As soon as I took his cock out of my cunt the third man moved in behind me and fucked me dog fashion. He reached around me to squeeze my tits while he poured the meat into me.

The men were as worked up as I was. It didn't take any of them long to come in my pussy and each wiped his cock off on my face and tits when he finished with me. I was so filled with jazz I could feel it running out of my cunt — my face and tits were covered with it. After they had all fucked me we went through another session of my sucking their cocks, but this time I let each men come all over my face and in my mouth.



It wasn't until then that my husband took his turn on me. It really turns me on to have Dave shove his cock up my cunt while I am filled with the jazz of other men, or to kiss him after I have let men come in my mouth. He screwed me for a few minutes, while I sucked another's cock.

That wasn't the end, it was more like the start. The men took turns giving me two cocks in my pussy at the same time, then fucked me in every position we could think of. — *A.H., Kogarah.*

Wet And Willing

I have been subscribing to your magazine now for 7 years but I am a bit disappointed now. Why? When I got your first numbers 9-10 years ago I felt really happy. Some of your issues have been extremely satisfying for me, some less, but the average was always good (for me). I am sure my preferences are not the usual but in those early days you were able to satisfy them.

I am speaking from the wet-look.

Girls taking the dip in their pretty everyday clothes or going for a swim in their beautiful party gowns after numerous drinks. Gals being unexpectedly pushed over the edge of a lake still in some fancy clothes or taking a paddle in a fountain in their Sunday best for the benefit of the onlookers. That's what I am missing in the past issues. Pictures, tales and readers' letters concerning

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that lovely subject. I remember well some really good stuff in the very past, why couldn't you do any more?

Anyway, I will say "thank you" for the better years I could get and hope you will turn one day in my direction. — *Tony, Switzerland.*

Yeah!

I'm not normally moved to write to magazines. But I just had to after seeing the "Sex in the Armada Year" illustrations by Ashley Lloyd in Knave Vol. 20 No. 11. They were just brilliant, yeah? — *P.D., Lewes.*

Er, yeah! — Ed.

Double Trouble

Somebody once told me that the Chinese sign for "trouble" is two women under one roof.

Never having studied any Chinese myself I'm not in a position to say whether this is true or not. But if it is, I certainly couldn't agree more with the old Chinaman who thought it up.

I met Janet and Jennie when I went on one of those "Introduction to Computers" courses at the local Night School. Personally, I hate these computers, but everyone seems to think they actually matter, so I supposed I'd better try to get to used to them.

Janet — small, petite, pale skin in a thin dress — and Jennie — dark, tall, tight blouse, and round buttocks pushing out black jeans — were flatmates. And both being secretaries they were, naturally, on the advanced course. When I met them in the canteen I began to pick their brains for any hints about how to deal with those flickering bleeping green monsters that were driving me out of my mind.

They mentioned several instruction books and guides that I might find useful, and suggested that I come round to their place one evening where they had a machine of their own, and where they'd be glad to show me a thing or two. In fact, they said, why didn't I have a meal while I was there and make an evening of it?

Accordingly, a few days later, I was ringing a doorbell, clutching one bunch of flowers, two boxes of chocolates, and three bottles of wine.

A nice place they had, small, but comfortable. When they led me round, I was surprised to see that they each had an almost double-sized bed of their own in the shared bedroom.

"Oh, we like our night comfort," said Jenny, smiling. "Couldn't stand one of those narrow coffins you can't turn round in without falling out."

We'd eaten the delicious beef curry they'd made, and were organizing ourselves to take on the wine, when Janet clicked her fingers and said suddenly "Damn! I borrowed Cynthia's coat and told her I'd have it back to her today at the latest. I'll have to go round with it now. Sorry about this — be back in around thirty minutes."

I waved her through the door. No sooner had she gone when I was amazed to see Jennie on her feet, wrenching off her jeans.

"Good grief! What are you doing?"

"Quick! she hissed. "We don't have long!"

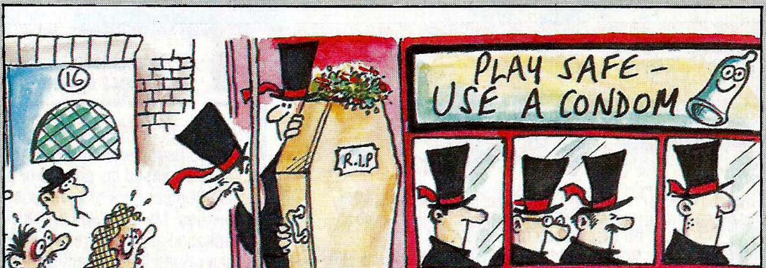
Her blouse followed, then her bra was off, releasing her dark, straining tits. Her silk panties were not far behind showing me her dense, tight shrubbery.

I was amazed, but not that amazed. I grabbed her up, kicked open the bedroom door, and laid her out upon the bed.

My clothes were gone in no time, and I was down beside her. My lips playing on her nipples, my hand gliding up her tender flesh to cup a warm, trembling fanny.

Immediately Jennie's hand flew to my prick, like a homing

> "My hand glided up her tender flesh to cup a warm, trembling fanny."


16
PLAY SAFE - USE A CONDOM
R.I.P.

"But, Madam - you did order the Co-op 'Thrifty Bugger Special'!"

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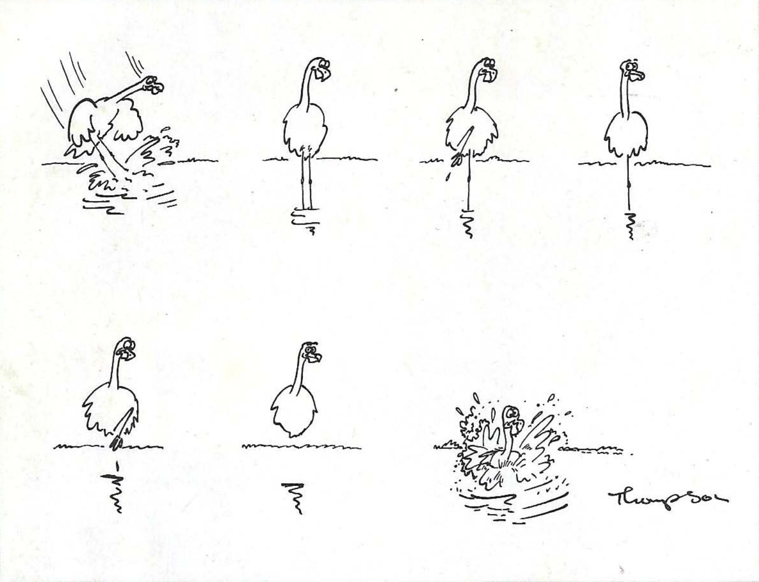


pigeon. She began to stroke and fondle its swollen length, seeking out every inch. Then she rolled over on top of me. She rubbed its spurting head over her boobs while my hand continued its massage between her spread legs.

We were pretty busy. In fact we were too busy to hear a key in the lock, footsteps across the carpet, and a door opening.

"Went out without the bloody coat. I'll just get ... Jennie! What the hell are you playing at?"

I looked over Jennie's bare shoulder to see a furious Janet glaring at us across the room.

Of course, I thought at first that she was annoyed because she thought I was somehow abusing the hospitality of the flat, or something like that. But when I saw how her eyes were rivetted on my towering shaft, and the way her tongue was gliding over her open lips, I suddenly realized exactly what she was annoyed about.

Jennie, meanwhile, was crouched over me like a cat over her kitten. I knew that this meant trouble. Jennie glared at Janet, and Janet glared at Jennie. I knew I'd have to act.

I patted Jennie's head and laid her aside. Going over to Janet, I stripped her down and led her to the bed.

As I lay down again, Jennie gave a cry of delight and brought her muff down upon my prick, working herself eagerly against its rasping hardness. While she rode me, I parted Janet's legs over me and drew her down, my tongue splitting her glistening lips and exploring her sweet salty passage.

And suddenly we were all coming together, Jennie squealing as her wet cunt gobbled my prick. Janet moaning as my tongue roved inside her, and me with not one, but two cunts to please me.

Obviously I had to stay the night there. And of course I had to intervene to prevent more trouble. One time I found myself ball-deep inside Janet's cunt, while shoving three fingers up Jennie's cunt as she lay beside us, her fingers working her own nipples in time to her contented sighs.

Another time, Jennie had my prick in her mouth sucking every last drop, while my mouth was clamped on one of Janet's pale little breasts, drawing out her shy nipple. One of my hands smoothed her bum cheeks, the other rooted between her legs, enjoying her exposed quim.

At one point I could swear there were four hands playing with my prick, and two wet fannies open and willing to meet my long fingers .

Of course, I still go round to see my two little friends and computer aces. In fact, if I'm honest, I spend so much time in their flat you might as well say that I live there.

And like that old Chinaman, I'm still stuck with the old trouble sign: two women under one roof. The things I have to do to keep them from each others throats! Once I had to ... well, I don't think I can go into that right now. I can see Jennie and Janet starting to circle each other again ... and both of them are giving me funny looks.

I suppose I'll have to do my duty again. —
I.B., London.

Holy Ghost

Reading Knave (Vol. 20 No. 10) — and very interesting it was too — my wife and I were intrigued to come across Knave Fiction, and Charles Garvie's short story, Poppy.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, about sex in it. Yet it was spellbinding. A good old-fashioned ghost story, to read while you draw the sheets further and further up to your trembling shoulders.

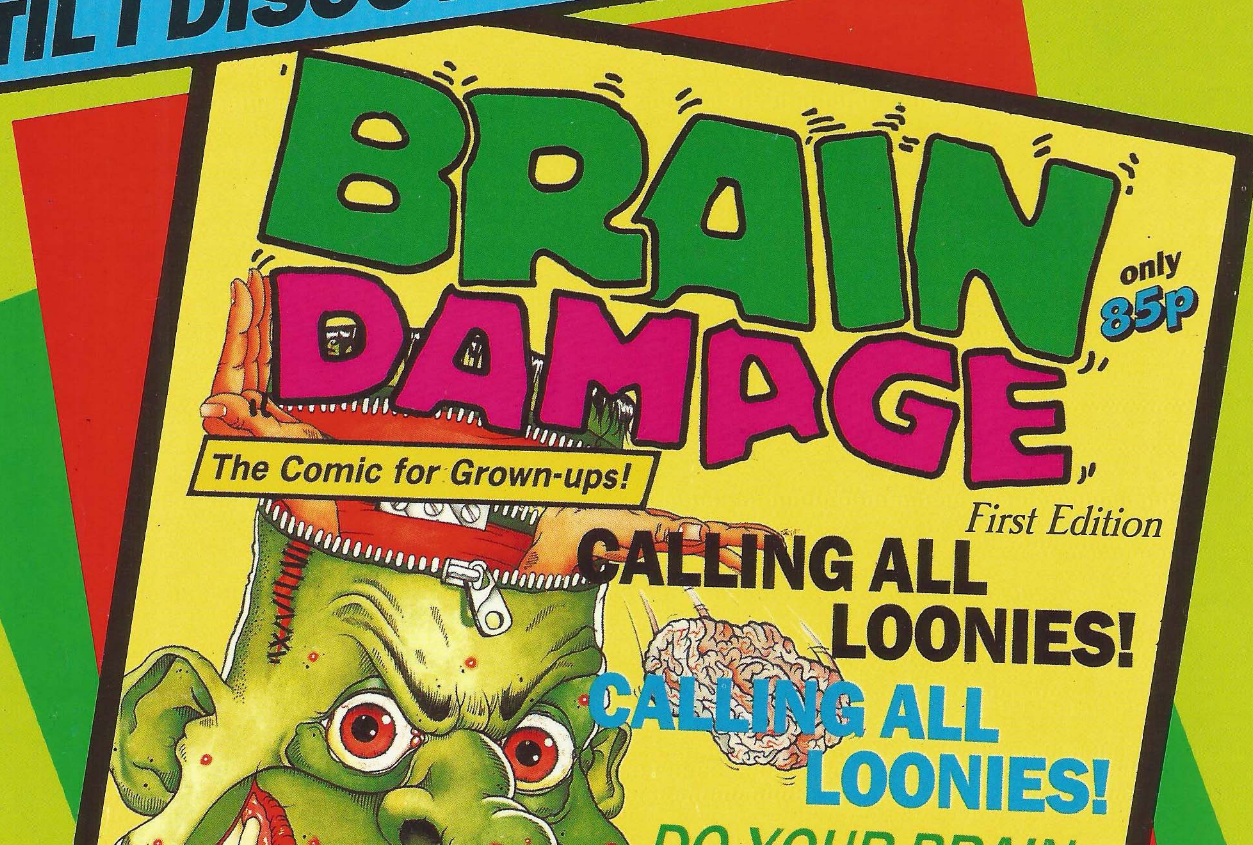
Two reasons why I'm really pleased:

One's my wife, she ponders those readers' letters of yours and is so turned on that she's soon down on the carpet asking for my assistance in certain activities.

Secondly, we've got so much cheap, mass produced American TV and the rest of the dross, that it's marvellous to find that there's still honest *writers* around.

Excellent... and more Please! — *Ian, London.*

I THOUGHT I WAS JUST A
REGULAR KIND OF NUTTER
UNTIL I DISCOVERED BRAIN DAMAGE!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